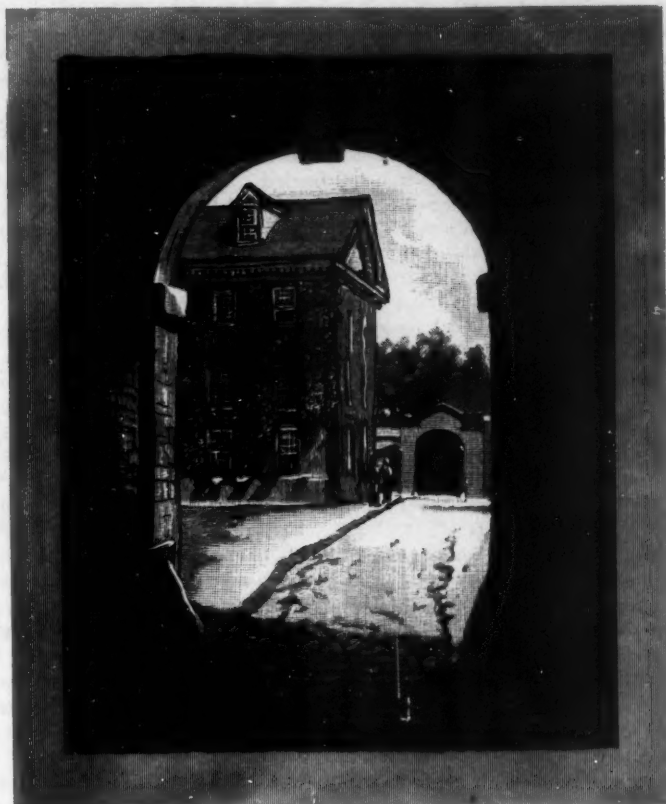


THE CONTINENT

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PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL WITHIN THE GATES.

THE BETTERING-HOUSE AND SOME OTHER CHARITIES.

ACCORDING to the old geographies, Philadelphia used to be noted for "her markets, her clean streets, and her charities." The markets still sustain their reputation, and let a Philadelphian go where he must when he dies, he wishes to go home for his dinner. The streets speak for themselves, and what they say in dirt and cobblestones is plain to every one; but only the tax-payer knows what it costs to keep them smelling so badly and so out of repair.

The old geographies, however, knew little of the charities of the city as they now exist. The Philadelphian is fond of classification and organization. If he has anything to do, he likes to make a little society for that specific purpose, and to have the proper officers and a suitable number of members. After the organization is completed, a constitution adopted and printed in a neat little pamphlet, he is ready to go to work. In this way he

multiplies societies for charitable as for all other purposes. For each misery and each misfortune the city has its separate relief. It has a home for old men and another for old women, and another still for married old men and women, and will yet, perhaps, discriminate between the old man who is a bachelor and the one who is a widower. The woman who has a baby to take care of does not go to the refuge intended for the one whose child has reached the traveler's majority of four years; and if she has no child at all, she repairs to a third relief fund. There is a legacy left to the city for the purchase of wood for widows, and—as if to prove that no misfortune is without compensation—preference is given to those whose poverty is due to dissolute husbands. The applicant must herself be sober and honest, but the less her departed lord shared in these virtues the better for her. The testator who made this provision

went still further. Supposing in his innocence that the number of candidates properly qualified might some time fail, and so leave a balance unprovided for, he ordered that whatever was left should be spent in warm clothing for the "oldest and barest" discharged from the hospital and "Bettering-House," evidently having great compassion for the wrecks in life. For the opposite class—the people who mean to help themselves—Benjamin Franklin and John Scott, of Edinburg, made provision. Each of these energetic men left \$5000 for a fund to be used in loans to young married artificers who were qualified for acceptance by certain conditions.

On the twenty-third of February the city keeps the birthday of John Scott by giving twelve dollars' worth of bread to the needy, but never more than two loaves to one family.

This minute classification makes relief easy for those who have mastered the art of dividing goats and sheep at a glance, but it complicates the work of the historian. Who can tell the story of the charities of any great city, and who can do justice to the energy and the goodness that originates and keeps them all at work?

The founders of Philadelphia made no provision for such a host of charities. They fancied that in such a fair and fertile land no one need suffer who could work, and there would always be help for the sick and aged, and support for the young. Emigrants themselves, they did not foresee what emigration was to mean in after days, and certainly no one of them expected paupers to come of their own line.

Still it was not very long before organized help was needed, but it came in a shape that tells what Old Philadelphia meant by "charity." An ancient Quaker tailor, John Martin, dying in 1702, twenty years after the city was founded, left a lot of ground between Third and Fourth and Spruce and Walnut Streets, to three of his friends. He said nothing in his will of the purpose to which it was to be devoted, but his honest old cronies evidently understood, and they at once built a long, quaint house on the Walnut Street front, opening southward, however, on the green field. The Monthly Meeting took charge of the place, and here sent certain of the poorer members who needed help. After a time they built little one-storied cottages, with a garret in each steep roof, and with a great chimney outside. These were ranged in order on either side of a green lane; each had its little garden, and here bloomed fruit, trees and flowers. None of the people who lived here were paupers. Some had a little money, and all worked who could. Two or three old women had little schools, and another—because of the natural law that forces a river to run by a city, and builds a school near a confectioner—made molasses candy. A watchmaker hung some forlorn old turnip time-pieces in one of the Walnut Street windows, and the herbs raised in the gardens had a virtue peculiar to themselves.

As the city grew around them this small village became greener and sweeter. Little by little high brick houses arose around it; the streets leading thither were all paved, and the city beat about it as an ocean about a lagoon. The only entrance was now up a little alleyway, and he who strayed in there unknowing what he would find must have rubbed his eyes and fancied himself bewitched. He came out of noise and traffic, from bustle and business, and suddenly everything was still; the air was filled with the perfume of roses, bees were humming, old men were sitting smoking their pipes under grape arbors, and old Quaker ladies were bending over beds of sweet marjoram and lavender. To awake

and find one's self at the gates of Damascus was commonplace to this.

If the stranger was fond of Longfellow he stood still, and he smiled, because he knew the place at once, and he would gently murmur:

"Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;

Now the city surrounds it; but still with its gateway and wicket.

Meek in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo

Softly the words of the Lord, 'The poor ye have always with you.'"

Then would one of these peaceful old men arise, and he too would smile, because he too knew, and he would show the stranger the little vine-covered house to which Gabriel was taken, and then the place where he was buried. "It was all true," he said, "and Henry Longfellow did but put it into verse." The stranger found it good to be there. Few pilgrimages rewarded so well, because this asked nothing of imagination, and before he left he took an ivy leaf from the house—he bought rosemary for a remembrance. If he was an artist he made a sketch of the place, and if he was a writer he published a description of it.

Every one who knew "Evangeline" knew of the "Old Quaker Almshouse" in Philadelphia, and the story not only gave the inmates a certain importance in their own and others' eyes, but it added many a thrifty penny to their income. But what proof this pretty tale gave of an imaginative memory! These clear-eyed old people knew perfectly well that a fever-stricken patient never was nor never would have been taken into their asylum. They knew Evangeline never crossed their little yard nor entered their wicket, and that there was no grave sacred to the wanderer's memory in their inclosure. They knew all about the "Bettering-House," once up Spruce Street a few blocks away, and about the fever patients there, and the nuns who nursed them. It had also once stood in the midst of meadows, but when the pilgrims came looking for the true Mecca, behold it was all destroyed and built up as a city in bricks and cobble-stones; and then the old Quakers, leaning over their wicket, beckoned the seekers away to a harmless delusion.

If these thrifty people had only known it, nothing could have been more quaint than their own life, and, in a way, it had its own poetry, and needed little help from imagination. There was one woman who went in a child of eight and stayed until she died at eighty-four, and she must have known about as much of the world she left as could be revealed to an observant and caged canary. They had their ghost and their strange noises, and when the last house was torn down a skull was turned up from the mould, and that explained much, if it did not tell its own story. They had their traditions, and as house after house was taken away and the city steadily stole in, they told stories of the times when "Walnut Place" was in its glory, and had its aristocracy and a drab-colored brilliancy. Then, at last, the one remaining house was torn down, the last rose-bush rooted up, and a few exiles, turning away, went into a greater solitude in going into the crowded, noisy town.

This idea of a rural workhouse, which was not to be a mere almshouse, runs through the early history of Philadelphia. The people had no idea of maintaining paupers, and when they found it was a possibility they determined to make pauperism a disgrace. In 1718 the man who chose to exist on public charity had to also

accept a penalty, and, with each member of his family, he was obliged to wear on his right sleeve a badge made of red or blue cloth, on which was a great "P," and the initial letter of the district giving him relief. It was not pleasant to be a pauper in old Philadelphia. To be poor was another matter, and a man could keep his self-respect and his neighbors' esteem if he earned what he ate, but it required courage to take public alms. But plenty of the thriftless had this courage of their laziness, and there were also sick people and helpless old men and women. Still the citizen was taken care of by his neighbors, and sick strangers were lodged in empty houses; but as the population increased the almshouse was needed, and so in 1731 it was founded. A lot of ground between Spruce and Pine and Third and Fourth, just below the Quaker Almshouse, and in view of the new church of St. Peter's, on Society Hill,

bought a large tract of land on the same line between Spruce and Pine, but about Ninth. Here was a good orchard, fine forest trees, and plenty of ground for a small farm. They built a sufficiently commodious house in the midst of the meadows, over which ran narrow foot-paths, and the place had soon the air of a public institution. There was a steward and a matron, outdoor agents and some resident physicians. It was really a great comfort to many of the appreciative people who liked a "Bettering-House" to justify its title, and so they crowded in, and had the best they could get. There was a main building and two wings. In the first, there was on the lower floor the offices; on the second the steward, or governor, and the doctors were accommodated; then on the next floor came the sick, and on the fourth the insane, and next the roof another class of sick. The paupers were in the wings—the women in



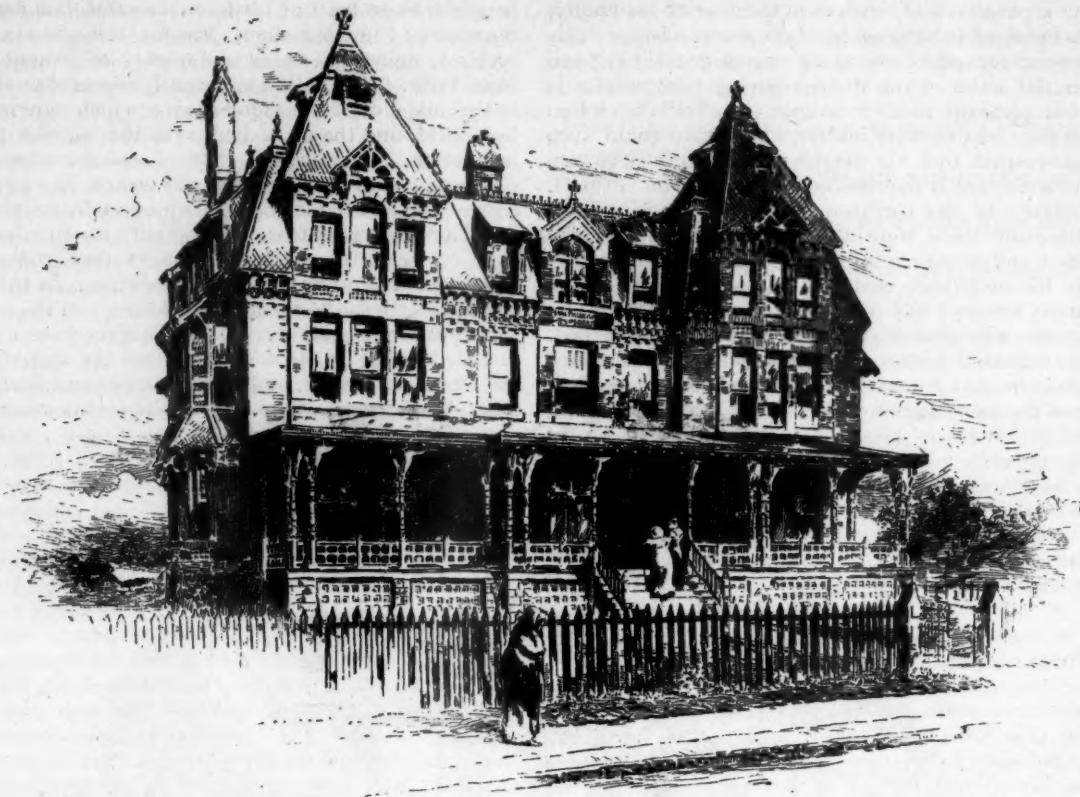
THE OLD FRIENDS' ALMSHOUSE.

was chosen. On Spruce Street there was a gateway, but whoever came over the meadow from Third went in by an X stile. Here were lodged the poor, the sick and the insane, and the common misfortune of poverty put them on an equality even of treatment. After a time it was seen that the sick must have separate accommodations, and the arrangements made for them, which likely enough amounted to little more than a sick ward, taking in "accidents," and under the charge of visiting physicians, have a historical interest, as they resulted in the founding of the first hospital in the colonies. It afterward was removed to High Street, near Fifth, and soon it appears to have ceased being a municipal charity.

Then, as constantly happened with public institutions in those days, the Almshouse was no sooner well established than it had to be moved. Penn had a prophetic knowledge of the possible extent of his city, but as it grew the centre of business was necessarily constantly pushing westward, and also southward, and so all private and charitable interests had to yield and go still further out. The ground at Third and Pine became valuable, and the Almshouse had to go to the country. It was now under the charge of a private corporation "For the Relief and Employment of the Poor," and it

one, the men in the other. The children were sent to the "Yellow Cottage," down in that part of the city known as "The Neck." All seems to have gone smoothly until about the close of the Revolution, when the corporation failed, and that historical body, "The Guardians of the Poor," took its place, and entered upon its prerogative of making the pauper a stepping-stone to higher things for itself.

From this time the charities of the city began to multiply. After the war there was an undercurrent of misery, sickness and poverty to be relieved. The old neighborhood feeling had disappeared in the changes and increase of population, and after 1800 the immigration of people who had to be taken care of until they found occupation became a declared burden. People gave here and there, and all sorts of bequests were made to the public charities. Some testators provided for soup, and some for bread, but more for fuel. It became almost as comfortable out of the "Bettering-House" as in it, if only the needy person was ingenious enough to hold the proper threads in his hand. His support was made easier by the division of the present city into districts. The pauper who preferred out-door relief to the conditions imposed at the "Bettering-House" got



THE HOME FOR INCURABLES.

his soup in the city and carried it home; then he took a little walk to Southwark and asked for his bread, ordered his wood in the Northern Liberties, and probably had a coat or a wig given to him as he went home. The only difficulty he had arose from the constant increase in his class, so that by-and-by the beggars interfered with each other, and none of them liked it. Then there came another trouble. The mendicants began to educate their patrons, and this was a serious evil, and never intended by them. The people who gave found that no one seemed any better for it all. They themselves certainly were not, because constant failures disheartened and irritated them. Give and do what they would, they never got the better of poverty, and their alms, their legacies, all seemed like dragon seed, and only brought forth a large and undesirable crop of greater evils. They were forever multiplying relief by beggars, and finding the result destitution.

In 1831 came a hard, terrible winter of storms and bitter cold, and in 1832 the cholera. During these years the charitable had to work, and had to give, but they also thought. They were benevolent, but that did not also necessitate their being stupid; and our mothers and fathers puzzled over evils which we have fancied peculiar to our own day, and decided upon the same remedies.

There was one good woman, Mrs. Esther Moore, a Public Friend, who thought seriously on these matters. She remembered the days when each one knew his neighbor's needs, and she felt that the thing to do was to restore neighborhood relations. The rich, she thought, ought to educate the poor, and teach them many things they did not know in the way of thrift, of industry, of cleanliness and independence. It was not always the

fault of the poor when they were paupers, and she believed in education as well as regeneration.

Like most women, she did not theorize on the question that interested her, but began to experiment. She selected four blocks down town in a neighborhood where the classes were mixed, and she set to work to make the personal acquaintance of each one living there. Her next step was to make the poor known to the better off, and to persuade the latter to each take a certain number under their care. The poor were not only to be helped to work, but they were to be shown better and more thrifty ways. Their homes were to be made cleaner and more comfortable; the children were to be sent to school. The real charity was to be given in constant influence and supervision. She persuaded women to help her and men to give her money; and, by good fortune, just at that moment there came to Philadelphia a young man named David Nasmith, who was from Glasgow, and full of Dr. Chalmers' plans for remedying pauperism. He had become so interested in these methods, and so fully persuaded that they embodied the only cure for dependent poverty, that he had given up his business and had set out to travel through the Christian world and preach this new gospel of help. In Philadelphia there was no obstacle to immediate experiment, and he and Mrs. Moore fell into harness together with a hearty good will, and took the parts of Paul and Apollos with instant results. They called a meeting in a parlor, and seven were there, four men and three women. Then, in April, 1831, they resolved to call a public meeting at the Franklin Institute and see what would come of it.

What did come of it was "The Union Benevolent Association," which is still actively in the field. and as

representative of the merits and also the failures in Philadelphia charities as any society could be.

It was founded on Dr. Chalmers' plans, and has very much the same system as the younger "Society for Organizing Charities." It recognizes neither color, nation nor sect. It has a board of managers, who are men, and a "Ladies' Branch," where are found the visitors and most active of the workers in the administration of charity. The city south of Girard Avenue and north of South Street, and from river to river, is divided into districts, each having its own officers and visitors—all women. These report once a month to the ladies' board of managers, and this, in turn, to the men's. In the fifty-one years of its existence this Association has given over a million of dollars, a hundred thousand tons of coal and coke and a proportionate amount of clothing, food and every other kind of help. This record is the more remarkable because the Association was not organized as an alms-giving society. In 1831 the condition of affairs was very similar to that in existence now. The poor were thriftless and numerous; there were all sorts of societies, working independently and without knowledge of each other's pensioner. There was then no Central Bureau, and the imposter who was detected by one society lightly laughed and applied to another. "The Union Benevolent" meant to be just what the "Organized Charity" now aims for. It wished to unite the existing charities, and to educate both the alms-giver and the alms-taker in the best methods of destroying pauperism. But the needs of the poor have been pressed on the visitors, and a great portion of the work has been simply relief and assistance. In this way it has fallen into routine methods, and at last be-

came little more than the most influential and best managed of the alms-giving societies. Yet it was, even in those years, wise and discreet in its charities. It was impossible that it should have had the women whose names run year after year on its records, and not have been of permanent value. It had a store for the sale of clothing, where a monthly average of thirty-four women have found constant employment in sewing, and many a child owes its nurture and education to its mother's regular earnings there. It is conducted on the most quiet and non-competitive system, yet last year its business amounted to nearly four thousand dollars, and over three thousand were paid to sewing women and employes. In the way of practical charity only the poor can tell the tale. How many hundreds of sick have been supported, how many dead buried, how many children provided for, not even the records show. Here was the fatherless boy sent to Girard College, and there the girl given a home in the country. If the house of a seamstress was too forlorn to attract customers, she was told to scrub and clean, and then a little cheap matting, a few whole chairs, transformed the place; patrons were interested, and the woman's name vanished from the charity lists. Boys were set up in business as boot-blacks or newspaper boys. It only cost a little money to get the start, and he made "the plant," and then there was bread at home even if there was no butter.

One of the best known and characteristic of this Association's charities is the "stove." What visitor of the poor does not know the "U. B. stove," and what second-hand dealer would dare to sell one! He could take a diamond from a crown and manage to palm it off and get his price for it, but the comical little stove that was



CHRIST CHURCH HOSPITAL.

invented for the society when anthracite coal first came into use, and which will bake and boil and make a room warm and cheery, has a personality that cannot be disguised, and none of the people to whom they are loaned would dare to sell them, even if any would dare to buy one. Two hundred and twenty-four of these

Philadelphians have confidence is proved by the fact that they are apt to remember it in their wills.

About the time the Union Benevolent was formed, and its founders were discussing remedies for pauperism, the Guardians of the Poor, who were forced to accept the pauper as he was, were as busy determining how they could take better care of him. The Bettering-House, on Spruce street, had had many experiences, and the "cholera year" had proved its want of capacity. The pestilence had raged there in a terrific manner, and coffins were kept piled in the yard ready for use. The man who died after breakfast was buried before dinner, and sometimes there was not a nurse to be had. The Sisters of Charity came in and took charge for some weeks, and by them many a poor heretic was baptized before he died, and so his road through purgatory made more easy. The distress and loss of occupation resulting from this pestilence brought great numbers to the house, and the wards were crowded.



were loaned last year from the fall to the spring.

The men who make up the Executive Board, and who are always well-known citizens, have brought the Association to the front on many questions pertinent to its objects. It has petitioned the Legislature on matters of temperance and the license laws, and on false weights. It long ago denounced the misuse of public funds by the Guardians of the Poor, and has instructed both the employer and his working people on various moral and legal questions. It has kept in its office a register for children; and down in the cellar it has—as a prudent Joseph in charge of the people should—stored vegetables and flour against the days of winter famine and high prices. When the snow comes, the man who wants to earn an honest, if a cold penny, goes there and borrows one of its snow-shovels, and many a peddler has had the loan of money enough to start in business with a well-stocked basket; while the woman who had sewing, but no needle or cotton, went and had her wants supplied. These practical little charities in the way of housekeeping for the poor are the result of a long experience, and the Association, fighting poverty for so many years, has learned that the summer ought to provide for the winter, and the day of plenty for famine. That it is one of the institutions in which



PICTURESQUE PAUPERS—SCENE ON SPAFFORD STREET.

Little by little the ground had been sold, so that the farm was gone, the forest trees cut down, and only the garden left. The people who built on the streets which had succeeded the foot-paths over the meadows grumbled because of their pauper neighbors, and the Guardians at last determined to build and move.

This new enterprise was, however, to be final; and so, to secure a site beyond city encroachments, they selected a large lot of ground across the Schuylkill River, and on its banks, and there they built the ideal Alms-

house. It was to be a great credit to the city, and the pauper must have regarded it with admiring interest. Here was something that wisely accepted things as they were. The pauper was not to be abolished, but made comfortable, and this was what ought to be expected of a paternal government, and they probably approved of their new quarters when they were moved over, in the summer of 1835, four thousand in number, in wagons, in furniture cars, and all sorts of vehicles. It must have been a motley procession, and no "Centennial" is likely to reproduce it. The insane were tied and chained; the women were stowed away as well as possible, and many a sturdy fellow must have tramped over on foot, reasonably eager to see his new house. They crossed the river by the South Street ferry, the insane leading the way; and, except Charon, what boatman ever carried such a crew! Once in "Blockley" they were housed in the spacious wards, and the work of regeneration soon began. The officials in the Almshouse confronted the administration of pauperism, and there was little theory about this. It was all practice, and some experiment. There was nothing easy but the admission of the inmates. Inside the stone walls was a little city filled with degradation, with distress, with all that was helpless and forlorn. Over it all was the governor, or "steward;" and upon his wisdom and faithfulness the whole administration depended. The condition of most public institutions and asylums was at this time simply frightful. Elizabeth Fry and Dorothea Dix had drawn public attention in England and the United States to the hardships and abuses existing in such institutions, but the pressure of public opinion penetrated few of the walls, and everything depended on the character of the men in actual charge. The great misfortune lay, of course, in the fact that the abuses, neglects and tyrannies naturally fell on the most helpless. There was little expectation of curing the insane, and if they could be kept quiet and out of the way it was well enough. If they were too violent a straight-jacket, a chain, a lancet or a shower-bath subdued them, and visitors were sometimes taken to the cells to see them sitting alone, beating the floor, tearing their clothes, or waiting in wicked, sullen insubordination for a chance for revenge. If they recovered their senses it was in spite of their treatment, and never because of it. In the Spruce Street "Bettering-House" women who either could not or would not work were put on the treadmill, and if one was too obstinate or too weak to raise her foot in time to take each step as it came down she was struck and bruised on the instep; but that was her own lookout.

In the old house many evils existed in consequence of the crowded, inconvenient condition of affairs, but this new one gave room for much reform. And it was made. The men were set to work in the quarries and on the farm, and the women knitted stockings for the house and sewed. The treadmill was not allowed to emigrate from Spruce Street, and the shower-bath was abolished, except when it was ordered by the doctors, who had faith in it as a curative remedy. The well were no longer bled nor cupped, the insane were visited, and every little while some one who showed gleams of reason would be brought from the cells into the "Main Building," clothed and set at some congenial work, and the experiment often ended in the final discharge of the cured patient. There was great faith at that time, in this institution, in the beneficial effect of interesting employment and the absence of irritating surroundings; and so it happened more than once that men who had been chained as violent maniacs became excellent gar-

deners, industrious and trustworthy mechanics. Women who had been dressed in one garment made of coffee-sacks, because they tore their clothes up, and who cursed every one who came near them, were converted into seamstresses and even nurses to tenderly-nurtured children. There was a new classification in the wards in many ways, and the whole administration was clean, honest and intelligent.

The Guardians found all of this exceedingly interesting. It was true they did little of the work, but it needed constant supervision, and so once a week they came driving over in hired carriages to attend to that department. Naturally enough the long ride and river air gave them appetites, and this was the time to test the Philadelphia markets! In 1852 it cost \$1.04 per week to feed a Philadelphia pauper, but where are the statistics to show what it cost fifteen years before to feed their Guardians? They tried to save the feelings of taxpayers by having a hothouse, where fruits and flowers could be raised without appearing as an item in the bills, but there were other expenses which, they felt, were made too conspicuous. They could see no reason why wine should not be put among "Medical Supplies;" and as mutton can be converted into venison, they thought the process should be reversed. It annoyed the hungry supervisors to have a spade called a spade in the steward's account, and whenever this was printed their opinion of his administration went down to zero. They sometimes had to explain to taxpayers about the time required for the visits and the distance, and give no end of other good reasons for their dinners and other expenses, and they did not like it at all when the taxpayer at last rebelled, and the cakes and ale and early strawberries all came to an end and there was no more feasting. It became more difficult to get a quorum, and when the managers met around a table decorated with paper, pens and ink, instead of good old Port and lobsters, what wonder they had their own feelings toward any one who would tell the public how he spent its money, and how deeply they came to feel that he was not the man for the place!

This story of extravagance and waste has run on year after year, sometimes checked for a little while,



THE "U. B. STOVE."

and then worse than before, until now it has climaxed in an exposure that has proved that it has not been the pauper who has been corrupted and ruined by public charity, but the men who were intrusted with its administration.

The moral of these disclosures is very simple. It is not that the public officials should be honest and content with their legitimate earnings, but more than this—that the voting taxpayer should look after his public house-keeping, and not be quite so much afraid to ask his employes for bills and receipts. He trusts them to spend his money, but until he is forced to do so he has great delicacy in asking how they spent it. If his wife conducted his home on this principle, he would have a very decided opinion of her capacity, and she—she would probably long for the repose of the river Bagdad.

The story of the "Bettering-House" tells the story of much municipal charity in Philadelphia. There has

is little help, and plays the part of a fifth-wheel among active people. Still she is not the happier because she is useless, but she is the more to be pitied. Dr. Kearsley no doubt had many such anchorless wrecks among his patients. He was an Englishman by birth, and came to Philadelphia in 1711. He was always a busy and conspicuous character; he practiced medicine; he interested himself in architecture—and whoever would see what he did can look at Christ Church and Independence Hall—and he was a member of the House of Assembly and an enthusiastic churchman. The people liked his speeches so well that they would catch him up as he came out of the Assembly and carry him home on their shoulders, and the churchmen presented him with a piece of plate worth fifty pounds to testify to their appreciation of the energy with which he had, against discouragement of all kinds, persevered until Christ Church was rebuilt. The vestry had found it easy to



THE BLOCKLEY ALMSHOUSE.

been nothing niggardly in the appropriations, and the city has given to its poor a spacious, good home, and a liberal income for its support. The result has been the encouragement of pauperism, the defrauding of the poor, and the corruption of public officers. Whether the day will come when the Almshouse will be abolished, and Homes for the helpless, with Hospitals for the sick, take its place, is beyond prophecy, but one of the healthful signs of progress lies in the fact that the work of the "Society for Organizing Charity" has enabled the city to abolish out-relief, and so save thousands of dollars annually.

One of the first of the Homes in Philadelphia—certainly one of the most independent and magnificent—was founded in 1772 by the will of Dr. John Kearsley, and called by him "Christ Church Hospital." No one can know better than the physician how forlorn is the position of a dependent, sick, or aged Protestant woman. She has no convent to which she can go for refuge, and she too often finds her claims on kindred or gratitude but ropes of sand. She is not always the kind of person who adds to the happiness or comfort of a family. She is apt to be queer, and has to be "considered;" she

resolve that the little church should be enlarged and a foundation for a steeple laid, but they had no money, nor did they take steps to get any. Then Dr. Kearsley offered to advance what was needed until subscriptions could be raised, and thus enabled them to begin the work at once. In after years he opened the subscription for the chimes, and was always the friend in need where the church was concerned. When he died, he left his property to Christ and St. Peter's Churches for the maintenance of at least "ten poor and distressed women of the communion of the Church of England." Dr. Kearsley died in 1772, and in 1789 Joseph Dobbins gave to the same charity five hundred pounds and two lots of ground; and then at his death, in 1804, increased the legacy by devising to its hospital all the remainder of his property.

The two benefactors probably fancied the valuable portion of their legacies was the money portion, but the Doctor's land lay in such locations as Front and Market, and Arch above Third, and the ground called "Lot No. 4 from Schuylkill" by Mr. Dobbins, was between Eighteenth and Nineteenth and Spruce and Pine. Such property came to be a splendid bequest, and the

"Lot No. 4" alone, after lying idle and forlorn for seventy years, sold for one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. The revenues have been managed by prudent business men, and the hospital has always kept within its means, has never been in debt, and never had to solicit assistance. In its early days it occupied a small two-story house on the Arch street property, and accommodated eight ladies, who knitted and sewed, and on Sunday went down the street to Christ Church to service, and on week-days took little runs out to see their friends. Of course they were thankful, and of course they grumbled and gave sufficient occupation to the three vestrymen from each church who were in charge of the charity. Then there came more applicants, and the house was torn down and a larger one built. In time this also became too small, and so a still more spacious building was erected on the same lot, but fronting on Cherry Street. Here forty old ladies could be accommodated, but sometimes two had to share a room, and the matron, as referee, seems sometimes to have had reason to regret the arrangement.

By 1856 the Hospital had an annual income of over nineteen thousand dollars, and so the managers determined to build again. They bought a farm of over two hundred acres of Jesse George, near the West Park, and built the present home. It would accommodate one hundred inmates, but the income, which has suffered from shrinkage of values, supports only forty at present. It might be suggested to good churchmen—for with this work the women have had nothing to do except as pensioners—that every dollar given here would go directly to the support of additional inmates, as all the running expenses are already secured.

One of the most pleasant features in this place is the prevalence of family life. It has happened that the managers have several times been able to take mothers and daughters, sisters and other near relations; so that little homes are set all through the great building, and there is a completeness and content preserved that is not possible when charity breaks all family ties. These beneficiaries have many comforts not common in all such institutions, some of which they owe to their rural situation, and others to the thoughtfulness of the managers. The leading magazines are taken, there are daily papers and a library. On Sunday and week-days service is held in the beautiful chapel, which is in one wing, and so arranged that any one too feeble to go down stairs can enter the gallery from the second floor and worship there. The whole building is fire-proof. They have a farmer, and fresh vegetables, cows and chickens; and many a worse lot falls to poverty-stricken human beings than that of being "a poor and distressed woman of the communion of the Church of England," if this condition leads to a home at Christ Church Hospital. In spite of all their worries, the good ladies, who, as Protestants, cannot pray for the repose of the souls of their two benefactors, must yet follow them with many tranquil, happy thoughts.

This, as we have said, is a man's charity, founded and governed by men, and it justifies their best opinion of

their own management. The "Home for Incurables" belongs to women, and although they have an "Advisory Board" of men, the members of it consider a better title would be an "Indorsing Board," as all they do is to obey orders. It was founded on a legacy of one little gold dollar. There was in West Philadelphia a young girl who had been confined to her bed from early childhood, and she, often thinking of those who suffered as much but were not cared for as she was, longed to make them as comfortable. She used to talk to her mother about a home for incurables, and one day when a gold dollar was given her she said it could be put away as the foundation for a fund for such a home. It was a light enough fancy on her part, but it became an inspiration. After the girl died the money was remembered, and her mother and her friends determined to see her wish carried out. It was easy enough to arouse interest, as every one knew the need of such an institution. In the hospitals established for curative purposes there was no room for patients pronounced beyond help, and even at the Almshouse the transient pauper was preferred to the permanent patient. Every one knew of helpless sick who were suffering in poverty, or supported by hard exertion or grudging charity. There was need enough that the little gold dollar should be put to use. The women who were interested went to work determined to succeed. They held fairs and solicited subscriptions. Those of them who could, gave money, and all worked; and in 1877 they had raised enough money to authorize them in opening a home out on the Darby Road.

At the end of the year they had sixteen patients and a lengthening list of applicants. There were people in all stages of disease, and with every shape of it, asking for admission, but the managers had not only to limit the number admitted, but they had to exclude all diseases not easily managed in their building. A hospital for such uses demands peculiar accommodations and appliances, and the next step was to build one. So, then, this was accomplished. Men gave money to buy ground and women endowed beds, and the managers took care that as their mortar hardened no debt hardened with it. They had not money enough to build as large a house as they needed, but the plans provided for extensions, and there is ground enough. The house really looks like a home, and a very beautiful one. It is well arranged, and no detail of comfort or convenience has been neglected, and the result would have delighted and astonished the owner of the little gold dollar.

Because the building is yet too small, and the managers are not willing to hinder their work by a debt, they have still to turn away hundreds of applicants. They have no wards for men nor children, and can take no one suffering from consumption, epilepsy or cancer. The only vacancies are made by death.

These are a few of the charities of Philadelphia. They represent municipal relief and its abuses; out-door relief and its methods; a church home and a hospital. Each came because it was needed, and each deserves attention.

LOUISE STOCKTON.



RECOLLECTIONS OF ARMY LIFE.



FEW days ago I met the Chaplain on the street. He was walking with a small boy, who went homeward with his school-books as we stopped to shake hands.

"Do you know," said the Chaplain to me, "that little chap has just given me an awful setting down."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Well, you would hardly believe it, but ten minutes ago that boy, bright as he looks, did not

know whether it was the Revolution or some other war that you and I served in."

Wouldn't I believe it, indeed! Why, it was only a few days before that a young girl of fourteen or thereabout had made a remark in my hearing, which showed

town, when something tugged at my coat, and turning I discovered that little fellow whom you saw.

"Well, my man," said I, "what can I do for you?"

"Oh, it's nothing much, sir. We fellows at school liked what you said yesterday first rate, but at recess we got a-talking about it, and we couldn't quite make out whether you was on the British or the American side." * *

Does any one for a moment hesitate in deciding on which side of Mason and Dixon's line this conversation occurred? Certainly no one who has ever traveled through or tarried in the South will suspect any Southern lad of such ignorance. To the young Southron there is only one war worth speaking of in his country's, or rather in his state's history. He has heard of it ever since he was old enough to follow a continuous story, and he is sure to have had a score of male relatives in every battle fought by the Confederacy. In school, he studies spe-



ON THE MARCH.

that she did not know to which of our few wars the battle of Gettysburg belonged!

I said as much to the Chaplain, and he shook his head.

"My experience is even worse than yours," said he. "Principal Smith sent for me yesterday to give his boys a little talk, and as it was the anniversary of the day we broke camp for that hard midwinter march of ours in Virginia, in '63, my mind naturally reverted to campaigning days, and I gave the boys a talk which, 'if I do say it that shouldn't,' kept their eyes and ears open till I got through. As for Smith—you know he lost a brother at Chancellorsville—the old fellow nearly broke down when he thanked me after I was done."

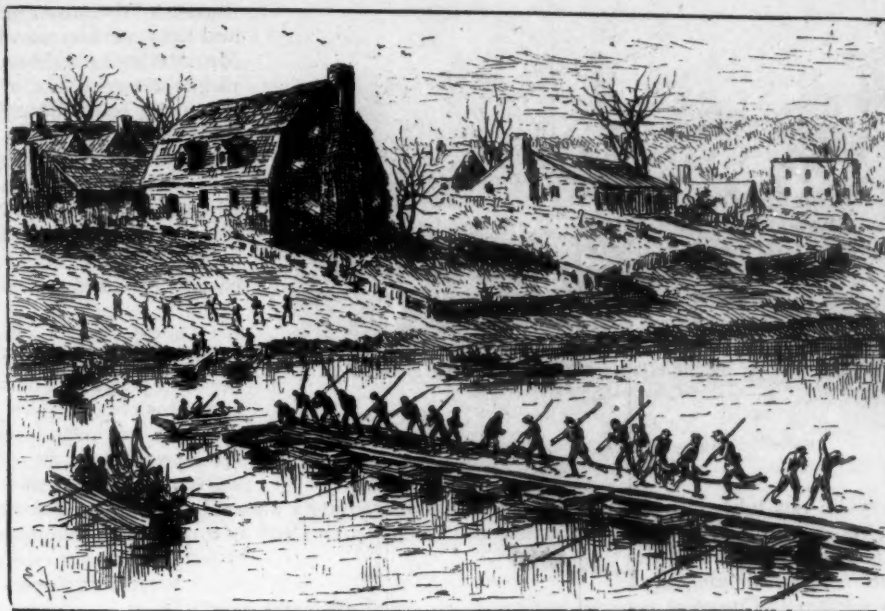
I could readily believe all this, for the Chaplain is one of the best story-tellers in the state.

"Just now," he continued, "I was coming down

cial histories, which extol the valor of the Confederate soldier, and contrast him with the ultimately victorious Yankee—always to the disadvantage of the latter. The brighter ones of this rising generation are perhaps beginning to ask how it happens that, when every battle was won by the Confederates, surrender followed at the last, but to the average Southern boy the war exists as a sacred passage of history, and its record, so far as concerns Southern feats of arms, altogether glorious.

Let this total lack of correct information on the one hand, and excess of questionable information on the other, be what it may, there is no lack of popular interest in army reminiscences in either section of the country. The bibliography of the war has become volu-

* These incidents of the girl and boy are vouched for as literally true.—
EDITOR CONTINENT.



LAYING PONTOONS UNDER FIRE.

minous, and notable additions have been made during the present season. One of the most recent of these is entitled "Bullet and Shell,"* whose author served an apprenticeship in a New York regiment, and became subsequently a war correspondent, and whose illustrator made all his sketches on the field. Preceding this was Carlton McCarthy's "Soldier Life."† This is cleverly illustrated by an ex-Confederate officer. Pre-

ceding this by a few weeks was "The Boys of '61,"* a thrilling narrative of personal adventure. Then there are the "Campaigns of the Civil War," now publishing at short intervals,† and a number of other books which we need not now enumerate, but which go to prove that there is a deep popular interest in the subject. We may be sure else that publishers would not be so willing to load their presses with works of this description.

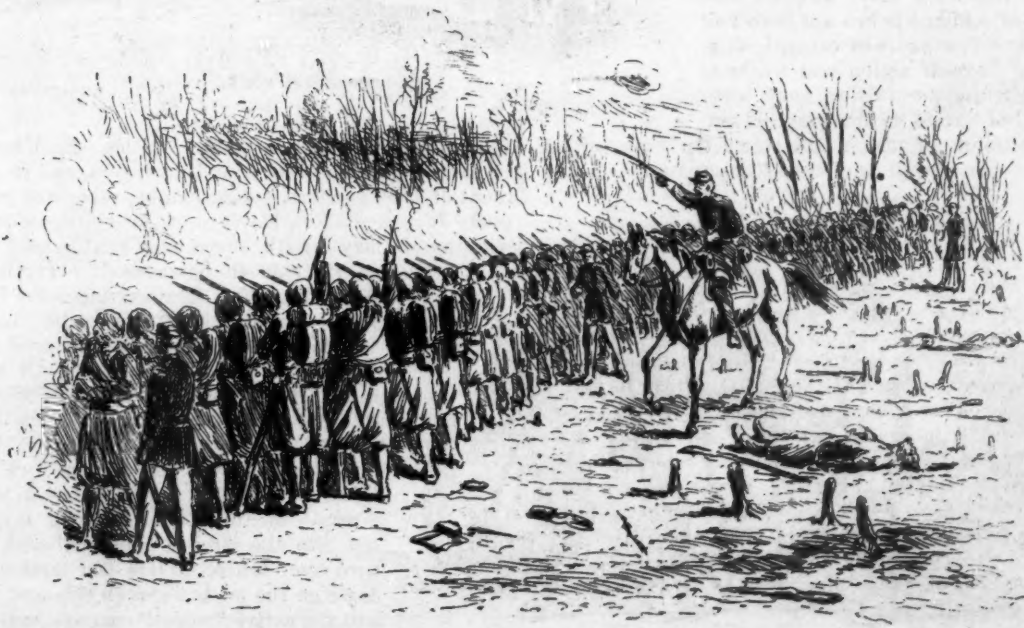
Why, indeed, should it be otherwise? At least one-half of our fifty million souls remember the great con-

* BULLET AND SHELL. By George F. Williams, with Etchings by Edwin Forbes, from which selections are made to illustrate the present article. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

† SOLDIER LIFE IN THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA. By Carlton McCarthy. Illustrated by W. L. Shepard, Esq. Richmond: Carlton McCarthy & Co.

* THE BOYS OF '61. By C. C. Coffin. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

† New York: C. Scribner's Sons.



IN LINE OF BATTLE.



A WET MARCH.

flict, even if they did not take part therein, and there are still enough veterans living, according to estimates of the Pension Bureau, to command the profound respect of politicians, and induce, at every session of Congress, renewed efforts on the part of a corrupt lobby to draw still more freely from an already over-taxed treasury.

It is not the purpose of the present writer to depreciate the fighting qualities of one army by comparing them with those of the other. That the South made a magnificent fight against terrible odds is conceded, but the fact that the Northern soldier was better clad, better fed and better equipped is not to his discredit. It was one of the necessary conditions of the war. Could these conditions have been reversed, and the North forced to fight, as it were, for its own firesides, the defense would have been just as gallant.

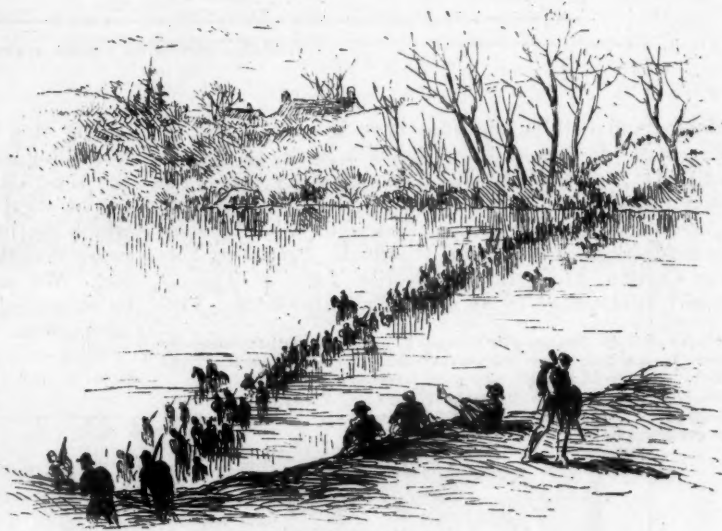
Be all this as it may, however, the romance of soldier-life has not been half told. Those four years of campaigning, with their days of action and weeks of weary marching or waiting, gave birth to no end of varied incident and adventure, the telling of which still starts the pulse of the casual listener as well as of the old campaigner.



THE RELIABLE CONTRABAND.

The etchings of Mr. Forbes, which illustrate the accompanying pages, and those of Lieutenant Shepard, in Mr. McCarthy's book, are perhaps the best exponents of actual army life that have been brought out. They convey, often in a slight and sketchy manner, a vivid idea of scenes and places and incidents which every old soldier will recognize as true to the life, and which a fuller explanation may render equally vivid to the non-military reader.

In active field work there are few more animated scenes than the laying of a pontoon, and ordinarily the spectator may observe it at his ease, for it is not usually undertaken in the face of an enemy. On the march the pontoon-train is a cumbersome and seemingly unwieldy machine. Usually a regiment, or its equivalent as to numbers, is detailed or enlisted



CROSSING A FORD.

as pontoniers and drilled in their duties. Each boat has its carriage, its mule team and teamsters, and its equipment of oars, anchors, joists, planks, ropes and wooden pins. It makes a formidable show in the line of march, winding its lazy length along at a snail's pace. But when a river is to be crossed, everything is galvanized into life. The carriages are hauled as near the water's edge as possible, and the boats are launched. No. 1 is anchored a few feet from the shore, and, in a trice, a row of joists is in place, their ends resting on the bank and on the boat, where they are securely fastened. Instantly the men begin laying the "chesses" or floor-planks, two being told off to make each fast as it is laid down. Meanwhile boat No. 2 is pulled out into the stream, and anchored in its turn some ten or twelve feet farther out; down go the joists between this and No. 1, and the active "chess" carriers, each with a plank on his shoulder, trot out "at the

double," and throw down their burdens, returning briskly for more. Boat No. 3 is in position by this time; and so the bridge grows until the stream is crossed. As it lengthens, the two lines of men, going and returning at a run, present a very lively picture, and when the excitement is intensified by an active skirmish, as in the case represented in the sketch, the situation becomes thrilling in the extreme. The Rappahannock River was actually crossed in this way, in the face of a sharp resistance, by the Federal troops in 1862, just before the battle of Fredericksburg.

Crossing a river, even by a comparatively prosaic ford, is eminently picturesque, as the infantry pushes through the water waist-deep, while a squad of mounted cavalymen take position just below to pick up any unfortunates who may be carried off their feet by the swift current.

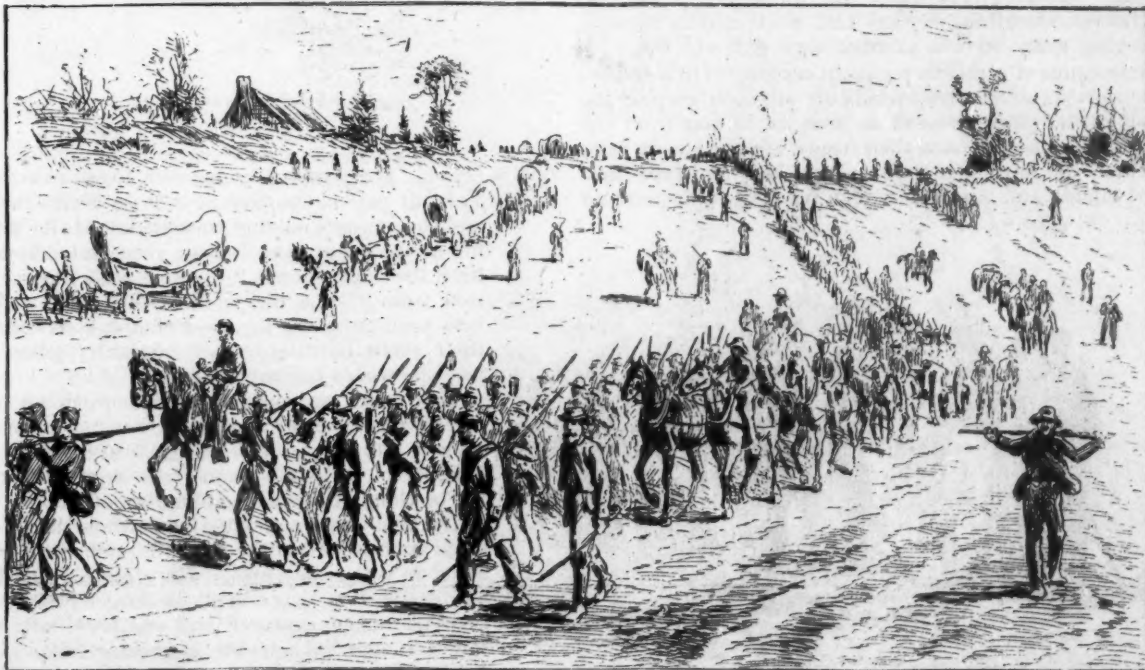
Artists who attempt to illustrate army life have, it would seem, an irresistible proclivity to avail themselves of the bayonet as a picturesque accessory, whereas, in point of fact, the soldier rarely "fixes bayonets" except when on guard or dress parade. On the picket line, on the march and in action, the bayonet is habitually carried in its sheath. It will be noticed that in Mr. Forbes' etchings the bayonet is never "fixed," except under exceptional conditions, and this fact lends an air of truthfulness to his drawings. The average artist, who never saw a regiment in the field would probably represent a battalion firing with its bayonets all fixed, but every soldier knows that such a performance would be decidedly out of the ordinary course. On the march, too,



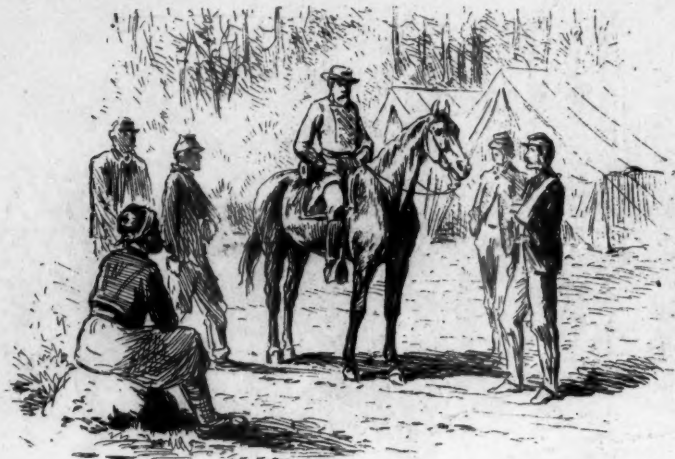
DOUBLE QUICK.

the fixed bayonet is an unmitigated nuisance, and dangerous to friends rather than to foes. The writer hereof has seen more bayonet wounds received by accident during improperly-conducted drills with green troops, than most men have seen in actual conflicts.

There is far more of pomp and circumstance in the illustrated papers than there is in an actual field campaign, and, if anything, less of the picturesque; but a change for the better is to be noted of late years in this respect. The illustrations of the recent English campaign in Egypt were in many instances redeemed by sketches actually made on the spot. During our own civil war there was a great deal of wholly inexcusable work done mostly in safe studios at home, which conveyed a false



THE "REBS" IN PENNSYLVANIA.



GENERAL LEE AND A YANKEE PRISONER.

impression, but found, perhaps, a readier market than a more realistic article would have done.

In the sketches presented herewith there is always an air of "ready for duty" in the figures of men and horses, guns, tents and accoutrements. There is nothing "bandboxy" about them. Even Custer, as represented cross-questioning a Confederate spy, is ready for "boots and saddles" at any moment. Custer, by the way, had much of the dandy in his composition, and habitually wore a gold-embroidered velvet jacket, a soft hat and a red silk tie; yet there was never a suspicion of the starched and padded martinet about him.

Actual campaigning, indeed, quickly takes the starch and the padding out of most people. A day's march in the rain proves the superior value of the rubber poncho when compared with a well-fitting uniform, and happy is the man who can crawl into his dog-tent—made probably with this same poncho—at night, with nothing really wringing wet above his waist-belt. There is, however, something serious and workmanlike about a moving army in wet weather very different from the appearance of a militia regiment caught out in a sudden shower. The men tramp sullenly on, each keeping the lock of his piece covered as well as he may from the damp; the horses hang their heads, and the steady drip, drip of the rain, as it streams from hats and capes into the muddy and much-betrodden road, has a dismal and



GENERAL CUSTER AND A CONFEDERATE SPY.

depressing effect. Nevertheless, amid all the grumbling the column will halt and bivouac with a brave show of good spirits, chaffing one another, singing "I Want to be an Angel," "Put me in my Little Bed," or "I Want to go Home," as if on a picnic.

Presently some one, in some mysterious manner, starts a fire; then, if the wagons have come up, or if there are still rations in the haversacks, there is hot coffee and reasonably good cheer till the drummers beat a lamentably spiritless "tattoo" on their water-soaked drums, and everybody bestows himself for the night. It is not altogether impossible, under such conditions, to sleep the sleep of the just, and arise measurably refreshed for another day's march through more rain and more mud. This sort of thing tells in the long run, however, and many a man who has not yet seen his fiftieth year justly ascribes sundry of his bodily infirmities to those days and weeks of cheerfully-endured hardship and exposure.

I have said nothing of the artillery as yet, though it furnished a most picturesque accessory on the march



A PRISONER.

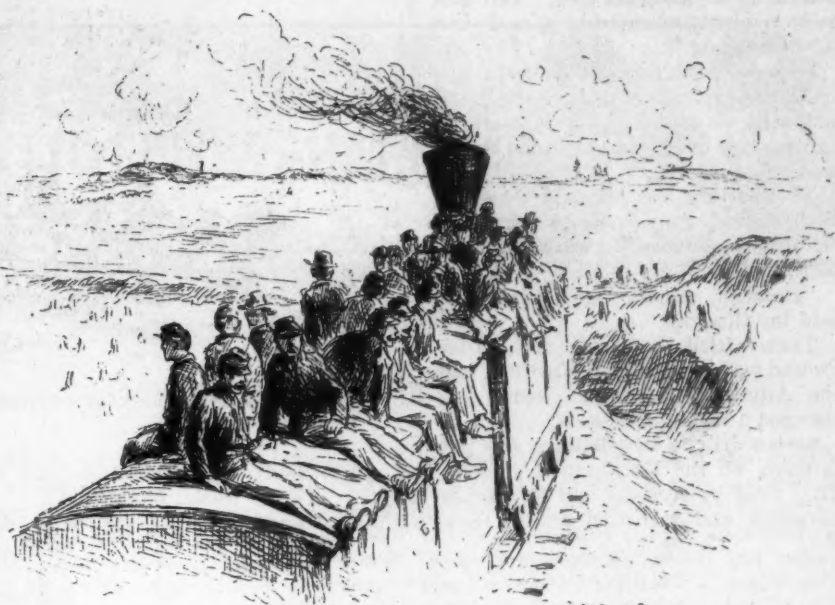
and in action. It is a sight to remember, to see a battery dash up at full gallop, the drivers lashing their horses and the gunners holding on to their seats for dear life as the heavy wheels leap over obstructions, until the bugle sounds "Forward into line—Action front;" and like a flash the guns wheel into position along the crest of a hill and send their shells howling over the infantry advance into the woods beyond.

This paper may as well conclude with an incident which, so far as I know, has never found its way into print. It is of a gallant officer now dead, Gen. T. W. Sherman of the regular army.

The General was a disciplinarian of the strictest, and a martinet withal, of whom his personal staff, as well as the rest of his subordinates, stood in wholesome awe. His division was in winter quarters near one of the larger Southern seacoast towns, captured and occupied early in the war, and with it was a regular battery of light artillery, which the general, being an artillery officer by training and choice, used person-

ally to drill once or twice a week, just to keep his hand in as it were. A superb battery it was, with perfect appointments—bronze guns shining like gold, fine horses and a full complement of men trained in the strict school of the "old army."

Now, in the outskirts of the town was a large mansion, with a fine lawn, as Southern lawns go, in front of it, whose then inhabitants were three young and charming ladies, and one or two elderly chaperones, whose husbands, brothers and cousins were all with Lee in Virginia, but who, either because they could not see so many handsome young fellows in blue uniforms and abstain from conquests, or because they thought it good policy to be on friendly terms with the authorities, did not treat Yankee admirers with the utter contempt and scorn



A TRANSPORT TRAIN UNDER FIRE.



TO THE REAR WITH DISPATCHES.

commonly maintained by the Southern belle. That they were rebels at heart goes without saying, but a select circle of officers, including certain of the General's staff, was welcomed on many a pleasant evening to their wide drawing-room.

On one of these occasions the talk turned on light artillery, and the ladies expressed a wish that the General would avail himself some time of their special and peculiar lawn to drill his battery.

The two staff officers present promised to see if they could procure the General's consent, and laid their plans accordingly on their way back to quarters.

Next morning at the headquarters' mess one of them remarked casually:

"We were at Mrs. Dorroughbie's last evening, General, and found the ladies very agreeable."

"H'm! damned rebels, every one of 'em, I'll be bound," was the loyal answer.

"Well, that may be; but they are very agreeable girls for all that."

"More fools you!"

"Do you know, General," said the Adjutant, "they are in mortal terror lest Captain Aims should take a notion to drill his battery on their lawn. They are afraid he would cut it all up with his wheels."

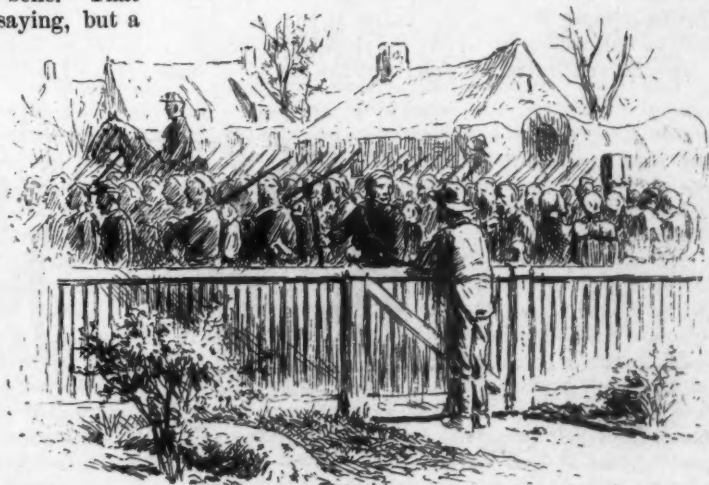
"H'm! Serve 'em right, too!"

"I might give the Captain a hint not to go there if you say so, General."

"Never mind; I'll attend to it."

Not another word did the General say during breakfast, but immediately afterward he called his orderly, who entered, saluted, and stood in that graceful pose known as "attention."

"Give my compliments to Captain Aims," said Sherman, "and tell him that I will drill his battery this



A NEW-MADE GRAVE.

afternoon at half-past two. Tell him to have plenty of cartridges, as I shall do some firing."

So far so good, thought the Adjutant.

At a quarter past two the General mounted his horse and rode down to the battery camp, accompanied by the two young men.

The battery was all ready, looking its best, and at half-past two precisely the bugle sounded forward, and the pieces wheeled into column.

"Head of column right, Captain!" said the General

That settled it, for the usual drill-ground was in the other direction, and the Adjutant and Aide silently exchanged a triumphant wink.

Such a drill as that battery was put through on the Dorrroughbie's lawn that afternoon! They fired by sections and in "action front." They advanced and retreated firing; they unlimbered and



LIGHT BATTERY GETTING INTO POSITION.

not to be caught, and when the drill was dismissed rode away, remarking:

"That will do for once, I reckon," and so went back to his quarters.

At supper-time an old negro servant presented himself with a beautiful bouquet of early roses for the General, whereto was attached a dainty note, expressing the gratitude of the Dorrroughbie ladies for the entertainment that had been afforded them, and begging him to accept the roses in token of acknowledgment.

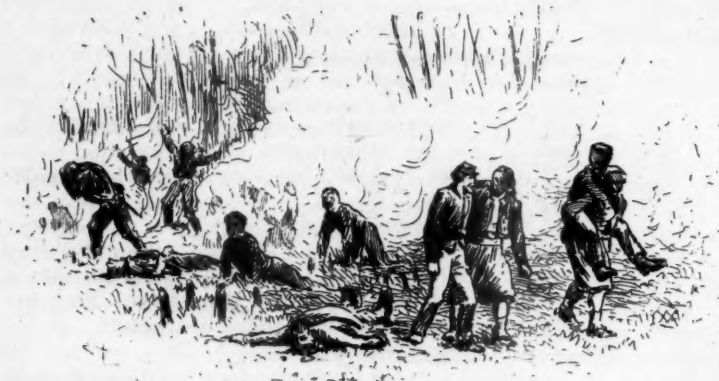
The General never "let on" that he saw through the ruse. A keen lightning-like glance at his Adjutant and Aide was all he vouchsafed, but the battery was never drilled on that lawn again.

Poor man! A year later I saw him carried to the rear on a stretcher with his leg shattered by a rifle-ball, and he never was able to drill his beloved battery again.

He was a faithful and accomplished officer, and did good administrative service even after amputation left him crippled for life, and with his martial spirit broken by the pain which he never ceased to suffer.

It is all over now, thank Heaven! the excitement, the weariness, the hardships. Only the wounds remain, and these, be they of heart or body, death alone can cure. The mounted troopers ride forward, each waving a white handkerchief, the rattle of rifles dies away—Peace has come!

EDWARD COGSWELL.



WOUNDED TO THE REAR.

limbered up; they wheeled and doubled, and did everything else in the tactics, until horses were in a lather, and some hundreds of dollars' worth of Uncle Sam's powder had been expended in smoke.

And all through it the Dorrroughbie ladies sat in the mild winter sunshine on their verandah, apparently enjoying the show much to the General's bewilderment.

During a pause for rest, the ladies urged the Adjutant, who had ridden up to pay his respects, to bring up the General and introduce him; but the old fellow was



FLAGS OF TRUCE.



By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BLINDFOLD AND BAREFOOT.

BEECHWOOD SEMINARY stood just without the purlieus of one of the busy little towns that are hidden among the New England hills. The ceaseless groan of water-wheels, the breath of wheezing engines, the hum of lathes, the whirl of spindles, the ring of pulsing hammers and the hiss of glowing forges filled the steep-sided ravine along which the village was built. It was a goblin's cave set in a quiet, peaceful scene. Its people were slaves who worked for the gnomes of trade. Motion and force were incarnate in their lives. They wrought with dull hands magical transformations. Earth became crystal beneath their touch. The misty fibre that the wind blew here and there became the snowy web that wrapt the limbs of beauty or the cable that bade defiance to the storm. Nature shrunk away from her busy, boastful rival. Where she had ended her work, science and art began theirs. They mocked at her tardy processes, and scorned her incomplete results. They stole her secrets; scattered her treasures; prisoned her forces, and made of the once silent glen a busy, bustling, throbbing hive of crowded, wearied, weighted life. On either side the hills rose sharp and stern. From base to summit they were clothed with a garment of verdure that even in winter hid half their ruggedness. The laurel thrust its contorted limbs across the gray cliffs and softened their outlines with its verdure. The spruce and hemlock screened the savageness that the birch and maple would have left uncovered when the summer departed, so that the beholder almost wondered that civilization was content with the narrow stretch which it had conquered for itself along the banks of the boisterous torrent. Less than a mile away, where the mountain swept down into a broad plateau, not only overlooking the bustling town but also commanding an outlook up and down one of those noble valleys that the icy rivers of the north cut through the granite ledges in their pathway to the steaming sea, stood Beechwood Seminary. By what chance this glaring three-storied caravansary, with its green blinds only breaking the vast parallelograms of white with which it faced the four cardinal points, came to be located in a spot of such surpassing loveliness, no man knoweth. It was just far enough from the town to feel its life, near enough to the mountain to partake of its solitude, and high enough above the valley to command all its beauty. With true Yankee disregard of nature, the original forest had been cut away in front, and the

grounds of the institution "adorned," the catalogue said, "with rare and elegant shrubbery"—some stunted evergreens and a few hardy decidua which clung to the wind-swept terrace, doubtfully enough in winter, and leaved and bloomed in summer, weakly and sadly attempting to remedy the violence done to nature in the silly conventional attempt at improvement. A white picket fence enclosed the rectangled lawn known as the seminary grounds. At the back of it, however, nature had held her own. The quaint old farm-house which once occupied this classic spot had not been torn away, but rose up by successive steps from the very midst of the old orchard, beyond which was a narrow belt of rocky pasture land skirted by a gray-lichened wall half hidden under the brown-leaved undergrowth, and above and beyond the dark resinous woods where the pine cones and needles lay thick beneath, and the light was tempered by the inlocked foliage above. Thrift had done all that could well be done to mar the face of nature, but its beauty still survived.

It was upon this scene that Hilda looked the morning after the events described in our last chapter. She stood at one of the back windows of the seminary and gazed upon the mountain glowing in the sparkling splendor of a wintry morning. The season was a late one, and the snow had not yet come, but glistening rime rested on fence and wall, and transformed the white birch limbs into stems of silver filigree. The blades of grass and the brown leaves that autumn winds had piled here and there were touched with points of light. The background of evergreens was strengthened by the contrast and enriched by the sharp shadows that the newly risen sun threw over it.

Hilda was now almost eighteen. She had grown lithe and graceful in form, and her girlish impetuosity of manner had been tempered by four years of training at Beechwood. Yet in her great dark eyes was the same unshrinking directness, and her quick decision of movement showed that she had inherited not a little of her father's steadfastness of purpose. Unfailing health had left its matchless impress on her ruddy cheeks, and given to her eyes a light that was almost saucy in the revelation that it made of buoyant vitality. Her soft, liquid eyes glowed with evident enjoyment as she gazed upon the bright scene without, though a far-away look in their depths showed that her thoughts were wandering. Yet the little trace of care that was in them as she glanced out upon the sunlit mountain, was so foreign to her wont that it hardly tempered their vivacious brightness. A rich, warm-tinted morn-

ing robe encompassed her shapely figure, and her wealth of soft dark hair was wound in a shining coil behind, save only a fringe of rebellious ringlets that escaped control and clustered about her wide, full brow. There was a careless ease of manner that told better than words could, that she had slept on roses. Life had brought neither trouble nor care. A cloud had appeared on its horizon, but it was only a little one, and so very far off that she hardly felt its shadow. There was something in form and gesture that recalled her father. Bright and sunny in temperament she had yet enough of his thoughtful coolness to constitute a nature not easily moulded, nor likely to be turned aside from a purpose once conceived.

She had kindled a fire in the open grate of materials that had been placed ready for her hand the night before—snowy bits of pine, long, slender splints of creamy ash and heavy pieces of maple, with closely-curling cones of rich birch-bark for kindling. The flames roared up the chimney and awakened her from her reverie. She went and stood before the fire, stretching out her shapely hands to catch the grateful warmth. Then she drew back her robe, and held one slippered foot after the other toward the flame. After a few moments she looked at her watch, and stepping lightly across the floor to a half-open door, said softly:

"Amy!"

She listened until she heard the regular breathing of a sleeper, then glanced quickly within, and, with a smile, closed the door and withdrew.

"Heigho!" she said, "I do believe I am the only girl at Beechwood that likes to see the sun rise, and I am not sure that I would if it did not give me such a nice, quiet time to write to Martin. Poor fellow!" she added, "he must be having a very sad time."

She drew a little stand before the fire, and, arranging her writing materials, sat for a moment gazing at the bright flames as they leaped up the chimney's black throat, ere she began to write. This was her greeting—her orison to her absent lover:

"MY DEAR MARTIN: I have risen very early to write to you, for it seems to me that you are anxious and troubled, though I cannot tell why you should be. Surely your father's loss cannot be so very great as to be any good cause, and I cannot think that his illness is really serious—in the sense of danger, I mean. Of course, it is painful and unpleasant, but you will be able to do for him so much more than you would otherwise be allowed to undertake, that you must really enjoy showing him how well and willingly you can serve him. I wish I could be with you, and I would come at once if Papa had not enjoined me to stay until he came to fetch me. Dear Papa, how thoughtful he has always been, and how careful of my happiness! But he will come soon. I know he will, for I have dreamed of him every night for almost a week; and three successive nights, you know, is a *sure* sign, or all the wisdom of the witches goes for nothing. You used to call me a witch, and so cannot deny me the power of divination. It is odd, the repetition of this dream. Every time I see Papa in the stern of the dear old *Sea Foam*. The sails are set; she is standing in through the breakers along a narrow channel. The wind is abeam, brisk but not heavy. The moon is at the full, and makes it as light as day. Papa holds the tiller, and keeps her head in the track the moon makes on the waves. Beyond a narrow point the sea is as smooth as glass, and the glimmer of the moonlight on it is steady and full. It seems as if the *Sea Foam* were going to sail right on into the moon itself. I know the place very well. I have heard Papa and Unthank tell of it so often that I could not fail to know it. It is the old inlet—Hargrove's Inlet—where the buccaneers

used to go in and out in the old days. Papa used to say that he was prouder of having found that narrow passage through the breakers, by which his rugged kinsmen used to come and go upon their lawless errands on the main, than almost anything else that he had done. It seems that he and Unthank are the only ones that know it now, though I have heard him tell the bearings over so often that I almost think I could take the *Sea Foam* in there myself.

"That is all there is of it; but every night I see the same—the brave old boat; the shining, seething sea; my father holding the tiller as easily as if he guided a toy, and watching the course with the moonlight shining on his dear face. I am sure he will come pretty soon, not because I dream about him, but because I think of him so much. Oh, he is sure to come to me, and then we will both come to you. I keep my trunk all packed up, so that there need not be any delay, and twenty times a day I go over the pretty little things I will say to him when he comes in, when we start off and all along through the sunset hills as we fly quickly on our way to dear old Sturmhold.

"Why have you not written me? It has been just an age since a letter came. Oh, I know! Of course you are so busy you have hardly time to breathe. I don't wonder that you have no time to write. Then, you are expecting me every day, too. Tell your father how sorry I am for him, and kiss your dear mother for me. I want them to think as well of me as they can before I come, for I am sure to impair their good opinion by some prank ere I have had time to outwear the freshness of their welcome home. I wonder why Papa was so particular to charge me to stay here till he came or until I heard from him? He never did so before. However, I shall stay. He knows that, and he will come here the very first thing.

"This is Saturday, and is a holiday. I am going to post this after breakfast, and then go for a stroll in the woods. It is cool this morning, but when the sun is well up, the open nooks among the evergreens will be warm and cosy. At any rate, I am going, just to be alone, and smell the pines. It is just the sweetest place in the world to sit and think—to paint pictures and dream dreams. Amy says it is sombre and lonesome among the rocks and under the trees, but I do not see how it could be improved—unless one's lover could be there, too.

"Well, good-by, dear. Amy has waked, and come like a half-frozen ghost and curled herself up between my red wrapper and the fire. I never saw such a cold, bloodless creature as she is. She has the most wonderful eyes, and hair that is as black as jet. She is very proud of it, and well she may be, for the great shining coils lie like a crown upon her small, shapely head, and make her slender neck seem slenderer still. Her dark olive skin has not a trace of flush, and its dull pallor contrasts so strangely with the great black eyes and mass of jetty hair that it sometimes makes her look almost weird. This effect is no doubt aided by the smallness of her features and the thinness of her lips. She seems like a child almost, and yet they call her 'Queenie,' because of her haughty and dignified bearing. She is a strange compound of pride and passion—strength and weakness. She is thin-blooded, and, I fear, cold-hearted, yet I cannot help loving and pitying her. We have always been great friends, yet I should almost doubt that she had any real affection for me were it not for her terrible jealousy of you. It is funny that my best friend should be my lover's worst enemy. Of course, I count it no hardship to choose between you; though it does make me feel very sad to think that I shall be with her only a few months more, for I am really the only friend she has, and I am afraid she is not likely to find new ones. Poor girl! I cannot but think how much happier is my lot than hers. Good-by. She will not let me write any more, and I do not think I ought to write such long letters, when I do not get even a line in reply. Re-

member me to the servants, and think of me often when you visit dear old Sturmhold. How I long to be there with you—yours always and altogether. HILDA."

For more than four years the cosy corner room, from one window of which she looked down the river, and from the other out upon the mountain, had been Hilda's habitation during the term-time at Beechwood. It was on the second floor, opened on the roof of the old farm-house, and had been chosen by her because the view reminded her of home, she said. Her father had stipulated that she should not be removed from this room, nor on any account debarred from the privilege of wandering at will on Saturdays in woods and fields, on foot or on horseback, wheresoever she would. This privilege had been accorded with hesitation; but Hilda had soon become such a prime favorite, not only with the principal and teachers, but also with her mates, that it soon ceased to attract attention, the more especially as it came to be applied to many of the other scholars as well. The room which opened off from Hilda's had been occupied for the same time by Amy Hargrove. Between these a very singular friendship had arisen. While both were brunettes, the dull pallidness of Amy's complexion was in strong contrast with the ruddy bloom that tinged the cheeks of Hilda. Both were considered beauties—one bright and cheerful, and the other cold and haughty. The one had many friends, the other few. They were alike in but one thing—they were both excellent scholars, and rivals for the honors of their class. Everybody wondered at their intimacy. They seemed to have so little in common, and yet they were almost inseparable. The fact was that their friendship was based as much upon the accident of contrasting physical conditions as anything else. Hilda's abounding vitality seemed almost a necessity to the meagre, thin-blooded little creature whom she took under her charge and petted and cared for almost like a child. She laughed at her whimsicalities, submitted to her pretensions, and when it was necessary, disregarded her fantasies. She had none of that self-consciousness that made her jealous of any of the really brilliant parts of her friend. She pitied her from her heart, for despite her arrogance and assumption, she was alone in the world. She had no near kindred, and the one vexation of her life was the fact that her guardian paid no heed to her existence save in providing amply for her comfort. She, too, had been secured special privileges at Beechwood. Her pony was not inferior to Hilda's; but she loved far better to have them harnessed together and driven through shady lanes by another than to mount and ride, as Hilda delighted to do, over the steep mountain roads. Despite these dissimilarities, there was rarely any difference between the friends. The one was happy to subserve the other's pleasure. The other was careful not to try her good nature too far. It was the everlasting puzzle of the strong and the weak; the broad and the narrow; the great and the small. Their natures were complementary, and for that very reason perhaps had so long harmonized.

The day of which we write was one of the rare occasions when the occupants of the two adjoining rooms did not agree. Ever since Hilda's engagement to Martin, Amy had been jealous of the young man's share in her companion's affection. It always put her in a pet to have Hilda write to him, and she spared no opportunity of manifesting, as far as she dared, her disapproval. On this day she had made up her mind that Hilda must drive with her to a town some miles down the river, to visit a friend whom she had met the sum-

mer before. As we have seen, this did not comport with Hilda's plans, and the result was that before the wayward little creature had dressed for the day she had worked herself into a fever of fretfulness. Hilda laughed at her angry expostulation, and when she stamped her little foot in rage, reminded her of a sheep at Sturmhold which was addicted to the same impatient gesture. The result was that the fiery little queen retired to her own room, closed and locked the door between, and when the bell for breakfast rang the excuse of a raging headache which she gave for non-attendance was by no means without foundation. She was prostrated by that curse of natures in which the nervous so far predominates over the physical—a sick-headache. Her room was darkened, and she became a solitary prisoner for the nonce. Hilda, reproaching herself for her refusal to comply with her friend's wishes, would have become her nurse, but the spoiled creature would not permit her to even enter the room.

She, therefore, rode into the town to post her letter, meeting the country mail upon the way, and wondering whether it contained any messages from her loved ones. As she passed along the narrow busy streets that led to the post-office she found herself curiously watched by those she met. The postmaster, a fussy, important man with spectacles and thin gray hair—a deacon in the church and one of the social and religious lights of the little town—drew her into conversation as she handed in her letter, and, on some artful pretext, kept her waiting while more than one of the townspeople came in and regarded her with a strange eagerness. Dropping into a store to make some slight purchases she noted the same unusual watchfulness on the part of all. There was some whispered conversation between the proprietor and a few men who stood near the stove, accompanied by meaning glances in her direction. She caught the clerk who waited on her telegraphing with his eyes, evidently in response to their looks of inquiry. The hot blood rushed to her face as she became conscious that she was the object of observation and remark. Thinking there might be some disarrangement of her attire which was attracting attention, she turned full upon the little knot at the stove with an angry light in her eyes, and then deliberately walked past them to a mirror which hung against the wall at the back of the store. Save her flushed face and flashing eyes the glass showed nothing unusual in her appearance, and the picture that was flashed back at her was certainly not one that need object to scrutiny. She was used to admiration. She had received it all her life. Her father had petted her and praised her beauty always, and every one who came under his roof-tree soon found that the shortest path to his approval was unstinted praise of his daughter. Since she had been at Beechwood she had been the belle of the little town. Everybody in it knew her. Her favor had been a matter of competition with several of the young men, even after it was generally understood that she was already engaged. She was probably better known through the country by her long walks and rides than any other girl at Beechwood. She knew admiration, and rather liked it. But this was not admiration. What could it be?

As she left the store she encountered a knot of men on the sidewalk. They tried to seem not to be noticing her. She knew them. They were a lawyer, a doctor, an editor and the son of a wealthy mill-owner. As she went toward her horse, which she had hitched near the post-office, they all gazed after her, and at once engaged in an animated conversation. Could they be

talking of her? For the first time, she was allowed to lead her horse up to the platform that ran in front of one of the stores, and mount without aid. It was no inconvenience. She had as soon do it as not. She was so expert a horsewoman that only the slightest advantage of surface was needed to enable her to leap into the saddle. She did not care about the attention, either. She was too sincere by nature to desire to be a flirt. She loved Martin too earnestly to even seem to favor another. She liked attention; she desired to please, and was glad to be thought beautiful and attractive. It gave her father pleasure. She was glad to be dowered with beauty for Martin's sake, too. Besides that, she enjoyed seeing others happy, and was glad to be the cause of their happiness. Yet she had never sought such attention, and would not have missed it had it not been universally accorded up to that time. Almost every week for four years, saving the vacations, she had ridden at least once into the town, and never in all that time had she been without a knight to offer his hand for her foot when she mounted to ride away. Indeed, it had been an honor for which there had more than once been sharp competition. Now she mounted alone. Yet a half a dozen familiar faces were at the windows of the shops peering out at her. Not one of the men who stood scarcely ten steps away had ever allowed her to do so before. The young mill-owner seemed quite to have forgotten her existence. Yet he had lately been so pronounced in his attentions that she had wondered if it were not her duty to tell him of her relations with Martin, so that he need have no excuse for continuing them. What could be the matter? There must be something wrong with her attire. She looked herself over nervously, as well as she could. Lifted her habit to see if by chance it failed to fall properly. Wondered if a glimpse of her skirt had shown beneath its border. Her face burned with shame at the thought. She leaned forward in the saddle and breathed freer when she found that was not the cause. Yet what could it be?

She turned her horse's head, and, with a sharp stroke, started on a swift gallop for the seminary.

Hardly had she gone a hundred yards when she saw the good pastor of the village church beckoning to her and calling after her. She reined in her horse and he came out to her—into the middle of the street—the good man who had only bowed and smiled as she had ridden past him hitherto. There is trouble in his face, but he is very kind—very kind, indeed. She almost weeps as he takes her hand, raising his hat with scrupulous politeness, and looking anxiously into her face as he asks many questions, all very kindly and gently, of her father, of the fire at Skendoah, and all the other things that bear on her life. It is very strange she thinks. But meantime he talks on. What a sturdy, resolute face he has! As he talks, he rests his arm over the horse's neck. Is the whole town watching them? She thinks so. He does not see it, however. He is not reproving her for her gayety, either, as he has done sometimes, but is telling her how trials should be borne. What can he mean? And when he has finished and shaken her hand once more, and she is about to start, he turns again and enjoins upon her anew to come to him if she ever needs a friend. "Come right to my house, my dear," he says, with his honest face aglow, "at any time of night or day. You will always be welcome—just as welcome as if it were your home. Remember, now." What a strange injunction, and how solemnly yet kindly given! What an odd look of inquiry and embarrassment was in his eyes, too! He really seemed

oppressed with sympathy for her. Yet she needed none. Ah, could it be? Her father—had anything happened to him? Her heart stood still with terror as the thought struck her. But no, it could not be. It was not sorrow that she had seen in the eyes that stared at her. Sympathy is sweet and tender and kind. This was hard and furtive and mean. It was a low, jeering, hateful stare, that meant—oh, what did it mean? Anger and pride and shame repeated again and again the futile question. Her eyes flashed; her face flushed and paled by turns; her hands clutched the reins nervously, and she bit her nether lip until the blood started forth in her vexation. Then she gave her horse the rein and dashed over the frozen road to the seminary.

Had the world gone mad? From every window the faces of her schoolmates were peering forth with the same curious expression. Some were lit with furtive sympathy, and some bore the same sinister leer she had met in the town. The very servant who took her horse as she dismounted scanned her face and figure curiously as he did so. She ran up the steps and entered the hall. A dozen expectant faces were turned upon her with the same indefinable, searching glance. She rushed up the stairway and flew to her room. She saw them peeping at her from the rooms, and was conscious of opened doors and watchful observers after she had passed. Was she bewitched? Was there any strange thing in her appearance—any horrible gaucherie of dress or manner—that caused her to be observed and talked of in such an unaccountable way? Had she been transformed in a day?

She rushed to her room and ran at once to the mirror to find if she could a clew to the mystery. Her attire was faultless. She caught a hand-glass from the drawer, and turning from the mirror inspected her dress from top to toe. She walked away from the glass; she turned one side and then the other; raised one arm and then the other; lifted her trailing habit, inspected even her shoes—but could see nothing that should cause remark. Amy was passing back and forth in the room. By a side glance in the mirror she detected on her face the same speculative look she had seen on others; only in her case it was linked with something she had not seen elsewhere. There was a cold, hard look—anger, almost disgust, upon her proud, regular features. Her thin lips were surely half parted in a sneer. Hilda dropped the glass and sprang toward her friend. Amy drew back and raised her hands, as if to avoid her touch. Hilda noticed that she held some books and trifles of her own that in their community of use had been usually kept in this room rather than her own. She glanced around and saw that everything belonging to her companion had been removed—books, pictures, bits of needlework, trinkets which they had hung upon the walls or laid upon the tables, in girlish attempts at decoration. On the bed in careless confusion was heaped a mass of like trifles belonging to herself, which had in the same manner found lodgment in Amy's room. Slowly it dawned upon her. Amy had returned her trinkets and was taking away her own. Her amazement was increased a thousandfold. She grew faint and dizzy with mysterious apprehension. Was the world slipping from beneath her feet? Was mankind flying from her presence? Did she bear a leper spot that all should shun and jeer or hate? She could not think—only feel and fear and dread. Every nerve seemed burdened with indefinable agony. The blood tingled in every vein. Her heart thrilled with pain. Her head was a crucible of fire. She must, she would know what it meant.

"Oh, Amy, Amy!" she said in the shrill, wiry tones which only intensest agony can give, "what is it? Do tell me what makes you look at me so strangely—and the others—the girls—everybody?"

Amy pointed coldly to the glass, her lips now parted in an unmistakable sneer, showing the small white teeth close shut beneath them, while her eyes flashed with angry fire.

Hilda shot one more glance of inquiry at the mirror. "What is it?" she cried in despair. "Do tell me! I can see nothing."

"Yet it is very plain to others."

Again Hilda looked.

"Oh, what is it? Please tell me! Do you not see you are killing me? Why does everybody shun me to-day?"

"Because they have only just learned the truth, I suppose," said the other coldly.

"The truth! What do you mean?" The question was asked in open-mouthed wonder. "What have you learned—what has anybody learned, that they did not know before?"

"Really one would think you did not know!" said Amy with a mocking laugh, as she entered her own room.

Hilda sprang forward.

"Amy, speak! What is it? I know nothing!"

She was entering her classmate's room, as she spoke. Amy turned upon her as she reached the threshold and pushed her violently back.

"Stand back!" she cried. "Stand back! Do not dare to come into my room! Do not touch me! The very sight of you is contamination!"

"Oh, Amy—Amy!" wailed the poor girl. "What do you mean? What has happened? Why are you so angry with me?"

"Why?" shrieked the friend, now transformed into a demon of hate. "Why? Because I do not choose to associate with such as you! Because I am a lady!

Because you have imposed upon and outraged us! Because the man you call your father—"

"Stop, Amy Hargrove!" The frenzied girl was transformed into an angry goddess in an instant. "Stop!" she repeated and strode toward the venomous little figure with an air of menace that made it shrink away in fear. "Say what you please of me, but do not dare to utter one word against my father."

"Your father?" sneered Amy, still retreating.

"Yes, *my father*! Is it anything strange that I should refuse to hear my father defamed?"

"Meaning, I suppose, Captain Hargrove!" lisped the white-faced vixen, while her eyes gleamed like burning coals with hate.

"Of course. You know my father. Everybody knows him!" wonderingly, but yet defiantly.

"Everybody *thought* they knew him," replied the other with a shrug. "Now they know better."

"What!" exclaimed Hilda, with a surprised, hysterical laugh. "Are you crazy, Amy? Pray, who is my father, then?"

"Ah, indeed! That is not important now. Your mother is known!" meaningly.

"My mother?"

"Oh, yes! Your mother! Don't try to put on that look of innocence. The game is played out. We know who your mother was—or rather what she was?"

"What she was? My mother? What *do* you mean?" cried Hilda, her hands clasped before her and her voice quivering with wonder and dread.

"What do I mean? I mean that we know now that your mother was a slave—George Eighmie's negro wife!"

There was a shriek—a fall! Amy sprang quickly forward, closed and locked the door, braced herself against it, and stood shivering and pallid, with chattering teeth and eyes upturned in terror. Did she fear something that lay inanimate and still upon the other side, which the thin panels hid?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SNOW SPRITES.

'Twas a still, starry midnight, just after the snow,
And in lace and fine linen the earth slept below;
The moon through her lattice of light, fleecy bars
Was peeping askance, her fair head gemmed with stars,
While a shy little brook, from somewhere in the shade,
Just tuned his guitar for a soft serenade;
When, trudging back home, at the lane's farther end,
From an evening with Shakspeare, a pipe and a friend,
A medley of soft elfin sounds reached my ear,
And I knew that the Snow Sprites made merry quite near.

On tiptoe I crept through the wood at my side,
And soon gained a spot whence their revels I spied.
'Twas a mad masquerade on a clear, frozen pool,
Where the small skaters whirled, without method or rule,
In costumes so curious, airy, and bright,

That it seemed they would melt ere they passed o'er my sight.

There were gypsies, Swiss peasants and princesses fair,
Wee barons and harlequins light as the air;
Tiny courtiers and knights, not so big as my thumb,
And pigmy musicians, with pipe, fife and drum.

Titania and Oberon glanced o'er the ice
In a pearly sleigh-chariot, drawn by white mice;
And on miniature reindeers, caparisoned bright,
Fairy couriers and outrider flashed through the night.
On mere mites of sledges, another gay band
Sped down the smooth slope of a mound close at hand;
While others were pelting the skaters in fun
With snowballs no bigger than motes in the sun;
Or, with grins of delight on each speck of a face,
Took their turns in the line at some fine sliding-place.

The ring of the skates and the voices in tune
 Arose like the hum of a bee-hive at noon,
 Till the elfin musicians wound up with a crash,
 And each domino then was unmasked in a flash,
 Disclosing the faces of more than a score
 That had long been familiar through legended lore—
 Pucks, Ariels, Snowdrops, Prince Charmings, and all
 Robin Goodfellows told of in hovel and hall,
 When the back-log is cheery, and good wives are hale,
 And the curly-pates hang on the "ower true tale."

Faster and faster the weird frolic flew,
 Wilder and wilder the sprites' revel grew;
 Till at last from a farmyard a chanticleer's horn,
 Blown softly and drowsily, hinted of morn,
 When this way and that the small multitude broke,
 And, stamping my half-frozen toes, I—awoke
 In my own easy chair, where to sleep I had gone,
 And dreamed half an hour with my overcoat on,
 With such strange fancies filled as an evening may lend
 When passed with dear Shakspeare, a pipe and a friend.

NATHAN D. UERNER.

BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

"How can I ever thank you enough for having paved the way for me?" says Sarah next morning, as the two sisters sit awaiting breakfast. "I awoke to-day in such a humble, grateful frame of mind. I said to myself, 'Thanks to God and my good sister, I am out of my difficulty!'"

"Did you happen to mention that it was your seventeenth?" asks Belinda grimly.

"I said to myself," continues Sarah, feigning deafness, "I will put on a clean calico gown, and ask granny to let us have some champagne for dinner, to celebrate my little innocent festival. Really, joking apart, it was almost worth while to be engaged to him, for the pleasure of having it broken off. Cannot you understand that?"

"I have already explained to you several times that I would rather have been burnt alive than be engaged to him at all," replies Belinda trenchantly.

But the snub, like many kindred predecessors, passes airily over Sarah's yellow head, and leaves no mark upon her satisfied serenity.

"Punch," she says, taking the two dogs' forepaws in her hands, and looking gravely in their black faces, "Punch, I am free! Slutty, I am free! Go and tell the cats and the parrot!"

Belinda has sunk back into herself. She is wondering feverishly what is making the letters so late.

"I have not even made an enemy of him," pursues Sarah, loosing the dogs' paws, and sinking back with a sigh of complacency in her chair. "I believe that in his heart he was quite as glad to be out of it as I. He was the first of them," with a slight regretful pout, "who was glad to be off!"

"I think he was *very* glad!" says Belinda spitefully.

"Say one word more, and I will have him back again," cries Sarah, roused by this challenge.

But Belinda makes no rejoinder. To her, Sarah and her light loves have become distant and insignificant things. Her strained ears have caught, or she thinks so, the sound of a footstep. Of course it is only Tommy bringing in the breakfast; but he may be bringing her death-warrant or her evangel, too. It is the first day

on which, according to her calculation of distances, it would be possible for her to receive a letter from Rivers.

"If you had heard," continues Sarah, smiling rosilily to herself, "the masterly way in which I indicated to him that it was only my consciousness of inadequacy to fill that high post, which made me regretfully retire from it, I think that even you would have admired me."

"Should I?" quite inattentively.

"He swallowed it all," continues Sarah, growing grave. "Good heavens!" throwing up her eyes, "what will not they swallow?"

That sound has died away again. It could not have been even Tommy.

"I cried a little," resumes Sarah, with that glow of modest retrospective satisfaction still diffused all over her, extending even to her pink cambric gown. "Do not ask me how I did it; I could not even engage to do it again were the same situation to return; these strokes of genius do not repeat themselves."

She stops, her attention diverted into a fresh channel, for at this moment Gustel throws open the door, and Tommy enters, his childish arms extended to their widest stretch to embrace the breakfast tray, upon which, beside coffee-pot and rolls, lies a heap of letters and papers. Belinda does not stir now that the moment so breathlessly longed for has come; she would fain put it off again, shove it away a little further.

A paralysis of fear nails her to her chair. She feels an impulse of anger against Sarah for doing what she herself is incapable of; for her quick movement toward the tray, her hasty turning over of the family's correspondence. There is a second's pause—a pause during which hope still lives; then in a moment it is dead. Sarah's voice would tell her that, even if her words did not.

"I am afraid there is nothing very interesting for you," she says reluctantly, tossing her three or four letters without looking at her. Belinda's heart dies; then suddenly there flares up a tiny flame of hope in it again. Possibly Sarah may not recognize his handwriting. Probably it is so disguised and disfigured by trouble and emotion as to be unrecognizable. Was not this the case with her note? She snatches at the letters

and looks dizzily from one to the other of the super-scriptions. Alas, no! they are all in the handwriting of familiar and habitual correspondents. She has told herself all night that her expectations were not highly raised for to-day; that to-day is the first day on which it would be possible to hear; that, being only possible, it is not also probable; that her chances are better for to-morrow or the day after. And yet now that the disappointment has come, it seems to her ruinous and final. Her first movement is to dash the letters down on her lap; then, with that instinct of self-respect which parts us from the savage and the beast, remembering that Tommy's round gaze is upon her, she picks up one, and shakily unfolding it, lets her misery-shaded eyes fall on the page. Only for a moment, however; a fresh thought makes her drop it and fly to the papers.

In a second she has torn open one of the English journals, the *Standard*; and seizing the advertisement sheet, greedily turns to the column of births, deaths and marriages. She runs her eye down the names; she will not allow this horrible swimming to blind her; she will read for herself.

"Abbots, Ackers, Anson, Baker, Callcott, Frith, Forly, Harper, Key—when do the R's come? what a long, long list! Ah! here they are! Raby, Rashleigh, Retford—what a number of R's are dead! Yes, here it is! *Rivers!*" The swimming is gone. She can see it clearly; there is no mistake. "On the 24th inst., at Denver Hall, Yorkshire, John Appleby Rivers, M. P., aged 54."

At the same moment, Tommy, his functions ended, shuts the door behind him. For a moment or two Belinda stares dully at the announcement, then silently holds it out to her sister. But Sarah does not see it; her head is buried between the other sheets of the paper, which she has been too impatient even to cut.

"I knew it," she says, speaking suddenly in a voice that is a little tremulous, a little awed, and yet triumphant. "I knew it was his father; he is dead; he has committed suicide. Poor David! no wonder he looked odd. There is a paragraph about it."

"Committed suicide!" repeats Belinda with a gasp, turning as white as the tablecloth, and her great gray eyes dilating, while the image of her poor boy-lover and his whole-hearted devotion to, his innocent enthusiasm about his father, at which she had sometimes smiled, superior yet envious, darts painfully back upon her memory.

Sarah has snatched a table-knife and is rapidly and jaggedly cutting the paper. "We regret to announce the death, under peculiarly painful circumstances, of Mr. John Appleby Rivers, of Denver Hall, Yorkshire, who for the last ten years has represented the Borough of Denver in the Conservative interest in Parliament. The deceased gentleman had retired to rest on the night of the twenty-fifth in his usual health, but on the following morning his valet, on going to call him at the accustomed hour, found his door locked, and could obtain no answer to his repeated knocks. The family becoming alarmed, an entrance was effected through the window, when the unfortunate gentleman was found extended lifeless on the floor, with his throat cut from ear to ear. Medical assistance was at once procured, but in vain, as life had evidently been extinct for some hours." Sarah pauses with a shudder of disgust, even her blooming cheek a little paled. "Why will people cut their throats," she says complainingly, "when there are so many clean ways of dying?"

"Perhaps he did not do it himself," cries Belinda,

catching breathlessly at this hope. "Who knows? Perhaps he was murdered!"

"Wait a bit," replies Sarah, putting up her hand in prohibition. "Where was I? Let me go on: 'Been extinct for several hours; the razor with which the deed had been accomplished lay on the floor beside the corpse!'" Again she shudders. "Grisly word! why will they use it? Why do all newspaper-writers love it? 'It is surmised that distress of mind, arising from pecuniary embarrassment, was the immediate cause of the rash act.'" She stops for a few moments, and there is silence. Belinda has put her hands over her eyes, before which the ghastly sight is conjured up in its red horror.

This, then, is what has robbed her of him! This is the spectacle for which he has exchanged the spring-dressed, sun-warmed Grosse Garten. This is the errand, falsely and cruelly supposed by her to be a feigned one, which has torn him away. She shivers, and the shiver is followed by a warm rush of passionate pity.

What will he do? How will he bear it? Will he ever get over it? We ask ourselves and each other this senseless question, as often as an affliction a little severer than common alights upon one that is known to us; although experience, a thousand times repeated, has taught us its folly. But below the horror and the compassion, though both are genuine, there lies in Belinda's mind a thick, deep stratum of inexpressible relief and joy. It is explained then! Suspense is ended; at least for the moment it seems so. There may be a cessation of that weary sum-doing. She may think again of the wood at Wesenstein without writhing. Her past is restored to her. Surely she can live upon it until he comes back to give her a present and a future.

"Pecuniary embarrassments!" says Sarah thoughtfully. "I do not much like that. However," with a more cheerful air, "it is better than having insanity in the family. Poor man! it was a cowardly way of cutting the knot!"

"The twenty-fifth," says Belinda, dropping her hands into her lap, and staring with eyes still dilated, straight before her; "that was the day we went to Wesenstein!"

"There is more about him—another little paragraph!" says Sarah, resuming her reading. "Oh, now we shall find out whom he married. 'Mr. Rivers was born on the first of May, 18—' (Ah! Ten and ten, twenty, and ten thirty, forty—that would make him just fifty-four)—and was the eldest son of the late Mr. Rivers, of Denver Hall, at whose death the property was sold, in consequence of pecuniary embarrassments.' (Hem! they seem to be addicted to pecuniary embarrassments.) 'It was repurchased, five years ago, by Mr. Rivers, who had amassed a large fortune in the iron trade. He married, on the third of June, 18—, the Lady Marion Lovell, third daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Earl of Eastwood' (bravo, David! I knew that he was not undiluted iron), 'by whom he has left issue'—(a good deal of issue, I am afraid). 'He was an enlightened patron of agriculture, and belonged to several agricultural societies. His death will be widely and deeply deplored.'" She lays down the paper. "That is all."

"All!" repeats Belinda in an awed voice; "and enough too!"

"What a mercy for David that he was not at home!"

"He will not think so," replies Belinda sadly.

"He will avoid most of the horrors—coroner's inquest and all!" says Sarah, with a shiver of disgust. "I

wonder what day the funeral was? You could not expect him to write before that. I am afraid that now you must not hope to hear before we leave."

"Of course not—of course not!" feverishly. "Poor boy! I do not want him to think of me at all!"

"I expect that you are the one pleasant thing he has to think about," replies Sarah dryly. "I hope to heavens that the money—" stopping abruptly. "Will you believe it? There she is! I hear her voice. She has come to tell us. Tommy, Tommy!" flying headlong into the passage, "we are not at home—we are not at home to *anybody*."

But, as usual, it is too late. Punch, indeed, gallops out in aid, barking irefully. It is not that bark of boisterous compliment which he addresses to most people, but one of a different character—one not unfrequently accompanied by a nip at the heels of the person indicated; a bark which he reserves exclusively for tramps and Miss Watson. Slutty has instantly crawled on her stomach under the settee. To do Tommy justice, he has opened the door as little as he possibly could; but by thrusting her person into the aperture, Miss Watson has succeeded in considerably widening it, and now stands in it, talking loudly and brandishing a newspaper. As soon as she catches sight of Sarah—

"Have you heard?" she cries eagerly. "Have you seen it? Young Rivers' father's death?—suicide? I thought you might not have seen it."

"Of course we have," replies Sarah curtly; "of course we have our papers as usual. I am sorry I cannot ask you to come in this morning; we are so—"

"Do you think he was off his head?" asks the other, interrupting. "Do you think there is madness in the family? If so, no doubt they got it from the Lovells; there is mostly scrofula of one form or another in all those old families."

"What a comfort for the new ones!" answers Sarah with a sneer. "Well, I am afraid that we are so busy packing—"

"Were not you surprised to hear that he had married one of the Lovells? I had not an idea that he had married one of the Lovells. He did not get a penny with her, I will answer for it; they are as poor as Job. Eastwood is mortgaged up to the hall-door."

"Is it? Well, as we have already heard your news," taking hold of the door with a determined air—"come in, Punch, or you will be shut out!"

"What papers have you seen?" asks the other inquisitively. "I wonder is the account the same in them all. Would you mind my having a look at yours?"

Sarah shakes her head.

"Impossible! Granny has not seen them!"

"I would lend you mine with all the pleasure in life, only that I am just going to run round with it to the Freres and Gayhursts; they take only the *Times*; there are not so many details in the *Times*."

A surly silence is the only response.

"Poor fellow! it is too sad, is it not?" continues Miss Watson, her large face beaming with pleasurable excitement. "I do not know when I have felt so cut up about anything! I shall make a point of writing to him; shall not you?"

"She is going to make a point of writing to him," says Sarah with a grimace, rejoining her sister a moment or two later, a judiciously placed hint as to the probability of some one being beforehand with her at the Gayhursts and Freres having rid her of her visitor; "it may be a bad thing to lose a father, but it is very much worse to be consoled for him by Miss Watson.

By-the-by," with a change of tone, "David has your address, has not he—your London address—you gave it him, eh?"

"Yes."

"Ah," with a little sigh of satisfaction, "that is all right then! The sooner we get to England the better for all reasons."

Belinda echoes the sentiment. What is there to keep her or her heart here now? In the place of the drag which a while ago she would have put upon the days, she would now use whip and spur to them. If Time were to obey our impulses, in what a strange jerky manner would he proceed? It is beyond the range of possibility that she should receive a letter from him here. It would be the height of filial impiety. How dare she thrust her trivial self between him and the grandeur of his grief? How dare one thought of her cross his mind, ere yet his father is laid in his bloody and dishonored grave? But by the time that they have reached England, four more days will have elapsed.

Mrs. Churchill has stipulated that the journey shall be accomplished leisurely. Once in England, he and she will at all events be separated by only one day's post, less than a day's journey. In London there are so many posts in the day. Every two hours does not there come a double knock? and may not any one of these double knocks possibly—nay, why be irrationally down-hearted?—probably bring her salvation? By dint of continued cherishing, her hopes soar higher still. Why should he write? What is there to hinder his coming himself? In her heart she hears his footfall on the stairs; it will fall more softly on the carpeted London steps than on these bare stone ones. Perhaps it will be less springy than of yore; grief may have made it heavier and slower. He will enter in his black clothes; she has never seen him in black, and tries to reconstruct him in this sombre habit. He will not smile, it would not be right that he should; but he will stretch out his arms to her—Tommy being gone.

At this point her face always falls forward into her hands, and the carnations overrun their borders. She can no more look at that picture than she can stare unwinking at the mid-day sun. But though she struggles earnestly to keep hope sober and low, it is with an elastic step and a bright face that she treads the platform of the Dresden railway station on the day and at the hour of their departure. The tickets have been taken; their own, that of the luggage, Punch's. Slutty is small enough to defraud the revenue by traveling in an ingeniously constructed house of her own, which has the air of a large dressing-bag, and under which Belinda, Sarah and the maid take turns to stagger. And now Mrs. Churchill and Belinda have already seated themselves and arranged their packages. Sarah still loiters on the step, half the German army gathered round her. She has asked them all to come and see her off, and not one but has answered to the call. Her hands are full of great bouquets that they have not stretch enough to hold. She is distributing more addresses than she has time rapidly to pencil. Apparently, every one of them is to correspond with her.

Belinda has no bouquet, and no one has asked for her direction. Even her last view of the fair city is obstructed by Sarah, who has monopolized the window to lean out and kiss her fingers, crying, "Auf Wiedersehen!" until the last glimpse of her dark-blue, light-blue, and green admirers is lost to sight. And yet it is with a light heart, that sometimes even dances, that Miss Churchill steams away toward her native shores.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



WHO that has a grain of self-respect left would not rather find himself stranded in a "Bettering-House," than in a "Poor-House," or even an "Alms-House"? Such was the comfortable name devised by early Friends for one of their worthiest institutions, as narrated by Louise Stockton in the illustrated paper which opens the present number of *THE CONTINENT*. In the same pages the general and special charities of the Quaker City are described, with their quaint and peculiar characteristics.

THE reproductions of Edwin Forbes' etchings, given in connection with "Recollections of Army Life," are taken, by permission of the publishers, from "Bullet and Shell," a handsome volume of reminiscences just issued by Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Mr. Forbes' large series of etchings published several years ago and entitled "Life in the Great Army," attracted much attention at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, and the artist was the first American etcher elected by the Paris society of "Aquaretists." Some of the illustrations of the volume referred to are reduced copies, made by Mr. Forbes from his large plates, but none of these, we believe, are used with the present article.

WHISTLING is not considered a particularly fashionable accomplishment, and has even been cast into ill repute by the rhymester who predicted untold disaster for whistling girls. The habitual whistler is rather a nuisance than otherwise, and his character has long waited for the vindication now suggested by a certain nervous New York lady whose duties call her frequently to pass through streets which may be respectable, but are certainly lonely at times. She says that she is never afraid of a whistler. He who "whistles as he goes for want of thought," or "to keep his courage up," cannot, she thinks, be contriving highway robbery in his brain, so she carries her portemonnaie defiantly in plain sight, and feels that her diamond ear-rings are safe from the hand of the spoiler. Of course this diagnosis of the case will at once suggest the ruse of whistling to the enterprising burglar; and a race of innocently whistling highwaymen, pocket-book snatchers and housebreakers will no doubt shortly be developed to meet the demand of the times.

THE record of fires, deplorably long at best in this prosperous and careless republic of ours, is particularly alarming at this season of the year, when Manitoba evolves a cold wave every week or two, and thus renders necessary a larger and more reckless expenditure of fuel. In these daily or weekly lists of fires, the "elevator" has earned an unenviable distinction. It is to this attractive flue that the fire and smoke instinctively rush. Through its doors and thin partition walls they eat their way into apartments and floors before untouched, and thus the flames spread more rapidly than they could otherwise do. Now the elevator—why not call it the "lift," by the way, after the sensible English fashion?—is a necessity of modern civilization—so, also, it is to be feared, are fires. Under these circumstances, why not make the lift-shaft a great conducting chimney, through which the flames may

rush and roar for fifteen minutes or half an hour without doing any especial damage to the rest of the building? The first objection, of course, is the increased cost, and this can probably only be overcome through the insurance companies and legislation or a combination between the two. The plan is certainly recommended by very high and unquestionable authority—that of fire itself. Practically it has said a hundred times in emphatic language, "When I run away I choose to go through the lift-shaft." Let architects and builders take the hint, and give it every reasonable chance to do within bounds what it *will* do somehow. Thus shall life and property be saved.

The Dark Horse of 1980.

THE article by Professor Gilliam in *The Popular Science Monthly* for February, upon the "African in the United States," is somewhat remarkable from several points of view. The writer has the merit of being the first to point out, from a clear and careful analysis of statistics, the fact that in all probability the colored race will be in a majority in every state of the South within fifty years, and will vastly preponderate in less than a century. Professor Gilliam's figures are based upon the census of 1880, and, while they cannot be accepted as reliable aggregates, it seems indisputable that the estimated proportionate increase of the races may be very safely relied upon. His analysis of this very grave question of ethnologic relations is all the more valuable because it is made from a very evident Southern standpoint. The author writes with a most distinct bias against the colored man. The facts which he recites are the very opposite of what he would have them. He states the question as every intelligent Southern man ought to consider it—purely with relation to the future of his children and that section. It is very well known that the bias of the Southern mind against the negro, as a man, has almost always resulted in coloring their scientific speculations in regard to his future to a degree that has made their fallacy peculiarly noticeable. In the days of slavery it was an accepted hypothesis that the colored man would not work except under a master, and that he was entirely incapable of self-support in a state of freedom. The argument by which this was sustained seemed almost irrefutable. History did not furnish absolutely clear analogies to the contrary, and the *a priori* argument against it was not generally regarded as entirely trustworthy. The experiment that began in 1865 was one which very few of any class of thinkers regarded as certain to result favorably. The verdict of those years has settled the fact in every reasonable man's mind, certainly to this extent, that in the manual avocations, at least, the freedman is entirely capable of self-support. The increased production of the great Southern staples has forever exploded the old idea. It was a pet notion with all of this class of thinkers, too, that with freedom the colored race would decrease rather than increase. Hundreds of eloquent and positive articles predicted the rapid decline and early extinction of the race when squarely opposed in the race of life to the enterprising and vigorous Caucasian. It was the almost universal belief that the superior race would increase and the infe-

rior one would decrease in numbers at a very rapid ratio. Instead of this proving to be the case, the very reverse has shown itself to be true. The negro has outrun the white man in the race of numerical increase to an amazing extent, and bids fair to continue to do so in the future, as the writer has very clearly demonstrated.

The prediction of Professor Gilliam must be peculiarly startling to those classes of our social and political thinkers who have been accustomed to consider the future of the negro in America as a question of minor importance. The facts now clearly demonstrated by the census of 1880 make the question one of peculiar importance to every Southern man, and must convince every reader that the great question for a century to come, both to the Southern people and to the nation, must continue to be the relations of the two races to each other in the whole region known as the Southern States. It is a question altogether above party politics of to-day, though out of it will no doubt come the issues that will divide the parties of the future. No man can afford to be insensible to its importance, and least of all any citizen of the South, whose destinies must be most intimately affected by it. The case is even stronger than he puts it, since he has omitted several of the elements which must very powerfully tend to produce the result indicated.

One very important fact that Professor Gilliam has failed to notice is that the increase of colored population must constantly act as a repressive and expelling influence upon the middle class of Southern whites. Outside of the very poorest and the very richest classes, even at this time, the proportion of Southern young men who come to the North and West to engage in business and the professions is very great. The acknowledged reason is not that the negro is already crowding them, but it is not far from the true one. Remunerative employment in the ordinary branches of manual labor for the white man is very hard to find. The colored man underworks him and outworks him. Even to compete with him is discreditable. The open field, brisk demand and honorable competition of the North are drawing daily upon the really best blood of the South to an incredible extent. New York and Philadelphia alone have more Southern "carpet-baggers" among their population to-day than the whole South has had residents of Northern birth since the war, or is likely ever to have hereafter. This influence must constantly increase. The progress of the colored man in intelligence, thrift and skill will enable him still more completely to monopolize the domain of handicraft, and constantly to circumscribe more closely the fields of labor which are yet securely held by the whites. The professions have already ceased to be exclusive. In teaching and the law they have a respectable foothold, while the numbers of their paid ministers are truly amazing. While these are limited in the main to the patronage of their own race, yet they are taking yearly more and more from the supporting power of the professions for individuals of the white race. The field for the Southern white young man who is compelled to earn a living is daily growing narrower and poorer. The "common-livers" of the South as a class, have always been great feeders of the West in point of population, and promise hereafter to be a not less important factor in the immigration which is filling up the interstices of our Northern life.

Not only is Professor Gilliam's conclusion that the colored man, if he remains in the South, must, within a century, vastly outnumber the whites of that region a seemingly correct one, but that result is likely to occur in very much less time than he anticipates. The remedy—if remedy be the term to apply to such a state of facts— which he proposes is as absurdly insufficient now as it was when the American Colonization Society was founded, in 1817. No possible power can remove the colored people. The very facts which he recites should convince him of that. Our pride of race may rebel against it, but no man who has common sense and arithmetical power sufficient

to measure the ratio of increase, can doubt that two things are sure to occur within the period of a hundred years, to wit: (1). The preponderance of the colored element will have become such that, by mere force of numbers alone, it must overpower the white race at the South if the "color-line" is to be the point of demarcation still. (2). The increase of the inferior or hand-working race will gradually compel the emigration of the most enterprising and ambitious of the white laborers—"common-livers"—of the South to the North, where only white competition is to be met.

In view of these facts, and the apparent probability that in the lives of our grandchildren, if not of our children, not less than twelve states of the Union may be controlled by the colored race, at least if numbers are to prevail, how important does not the question of national education become? Not only are nine-tenths of this race actually illiterate, but they are only a few generations from simple and absolute barbarism. Education will not, it is probable, affect the result so far as the numerical relations of the races are concerned. That is simply the fiat of destiny. The race that is enslaved is sure to overcome the enslaver at some period of time, if they remain together on the same soil. The only question is in what manner it shall be done—whether the inferior race shall continue to be suppressed, held down and kept under by the force of superior intelligence alone, until it breaks through the restraint with a power that will destroy, or whether the higher civilization will reach out a helping hand to the lower, and not only assist it to rise, but by so doing remove its animus to destroy. Shall the 190,000,000 of blacks whom Professor Gilliam predicts will inhabit our Southern States in 1980, be half-civilized menials or the equals in intelligence and development, as near as may be, of the 90,000,000 whites he expects to be co-dwellers with them? It is a most momentous question. In forty years the blacks will at least equal the whites in all those states. Even of the white voting population now, almost one in four is unable to read his ballot. More than forty per cent of the ballatorial power of the South is wielded by men who are dependent on other men to tell them how to vote—who, even if allowed to vote without molestation, do not know that their ballots express their wishes. The time is very short. We must educate the colored voter of the South—we must educate the ignorant white voter there—or the preponderance of ignorance will yet bring ruin—not only to the South, but to the whole land. The duty of education devolves in a peculiar manner upon the people of the North—upon the nation—as well as the states most immediately affected. It is neither just nor reasonable to expect the South to transform this mass of ignorance into intelligence by its own unaided efforts. It has already done much. Northern charity has done much. The past eighteen years have a proud record of results in this direction. What remains to be done is a thousand-fold greater than what has been done, and the necessity for it is hourly growing more apparent. Yet the Congress of the United States has no time for its consideration. The great parties are so busy skirmishing for position in the conflict of 1884, that they are deaf and blind to this greatest of all the dangers which the future holds in store for the country.

ENGLISH women who have married since the first of January enjoy the privilege, never before accorded to any female subject of Great Britain, of holding and disposing of real estate and personal property in the same manner as if they were unmarried. Moreover, a woman may prosecute her husband in civil or criminal courts, and may even bring him into bankruptcy. This state of things results from the Married Woman's Property Act of 1882, the last of a series of acts that have entirely done away with the old rule of common law, which

merged all the rights of a wife in the person of her husband—a rule, by the way, with which every lazy lout in the three kingdoms with an industrious wife was painfully familiar. The act makes some curious distinctions between women who were married prior to 1870 and those who entered “the estate” between that year and 1874. Women belonging to the first-named class are entitled to their earnings and to any property, the title to which accrues as from to-day. Their husbands, however, are liable for their debts before and after marriage. The husbands of the next class—that whose limit closes with 1874—are not liable for debts contracted before marriage, but the wives are sole owners of everything coming to them as heiresses. Women married after 1874 can make their husbands liable for debts only to the value of the property they have received from their wives. Now, these distinctions may all be very clear to law-makers, but the crucial test will arise when some complicated case comes before the average British jurymen. This personage will be very apt to cherish the national conviction that a man has a right to take his wife’s money to buy his daily “pint o’ bitter,” and, perhaps, to beat her should she resist. To him, therefore, these nice distinctions between classes may well seem “stumbling-blocks and rocks of offense.” The only Englishmen who seem thoroughly capable of utilizing this state of things in all its aspects are Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, to whom it is respectfully recommended as possibly suggestive for next winter’s play. A judicious “migma” of French and English marriages, with American divorces and confusion of property rights under the property act, would assuredly, in the hands of these playwrights, afford situations quite as perplexing as any that they have thus far been able to invent.

It is always a puzzle in the forming of a library precisely what edition of the innumerable editions of Shakespeare had better be chosen.¹ The enthusiastic Shakespearean student demands more than one, and hails with delight every announcement of a new rendering by anybody; but the mass of readers care more for the poet than the critics, and are satisfied even to own an edition with no notes at all. This has its advantages where the love of study and research is an instinct, and the owner has time enough to search out for him or herself, all the shades of meaning in words now obsolete, or in references that require a library for verification. But for practical people, borne along on this swift nineteenth-century current, which allows no stops for refreshment, there is the need of something definite and trustworthy. Research is the portion of only a favored few, who deliberately climb the banks, take their post where they will, so long as it includes silence and space for work, and who refuse, once for all, to be whirled on with the money-getting, money-loving crowd. The scholar is a rare sight in this busy day, a refreshing sight as well, for it is much to find one’s self suddenly freed from the complicated demands of modern life, and coming face to face with a nature too single and genuine to feel the power of common motives or aims, and content with a simplicity we have most of us foregone.

And if one holds, as the present writer most firmly does, to the faith that no matter what the work, the nature and character of the worker are woven in with every thread of its texture, then the Hudson Shakespeare must represent something we can hardly do without. The student has grown gray in the quiet research that has filled and satisfied his life. His personality outside the widening circle of pupils who have learned to love him is half a myth to the every-day reader, though workers in the same

field recognize him as one of the most earnest and successful editors and critics the poet has ever had.

The edition issued by Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, known as “The Student’s Handy Edition,” has been put into twelve volumes, each thoroughly revised and with additional notes, and with its flexible covers, tinted paper and clear print, is a temptation and a delight to the reader. The first six volumes were stereotyped and in print before the appearance of “The Collier Emendations,” but the remaining volumes received the benefit of such use of them as the editor thought desirable. The first six have now been altered also, though as such alterations were made in the plate, foot-notes could not be added. But advantage has been taken of every light afforded by modern research. The editor mourns his “slender qualifications for the task,” but those who know him, while admitting his absolute sincerity in the plaint, will smile at the disclaiming of a power no man has ever more fully possessed. His analyses of the plays given in the form of an introduction to each are of especial value, and the notes not less so, representing, as they do, twenty-one years of labor. If Mr. Hudson accomplishes nothing more, this work is a monumental one.

THE phrase “still-hunter” has been of late years so intimately connected with politics and politicians of a not altogether reputable sort, that it is pleasant to find it restored in the title of this book¹ to its original and legitimate meaning. The author is one of the best, if not the very best amateur hunters in the country, and is already well known to readers of sporting-books through “Rifle, Rod and Gun in California,” and through various contributions to contemporary literature of a kindred character. To the born hunter, whose longing for the wild woods is as it were a part of his being, a book like this affords delightful winter reading. It differs from most sporting-books in that it goes quietly about the business of explaining the mysteries of still-hunting without any of the preliminary flourish that too often mars the value of such works in the eyes of those who are in the habit of reading the best contemporary literature. Mr. Van Dyke’s experience with the “old hunter” of the backwoods has not been encouraging. That worthy person is not in the habit of giving away the secrets of his profession, and is apt, moreover, to draw on his imagination in laying down rules for the guidance of young huntsmen. Mr. Van Dyke, on the contrary, presupposes common sense and intelligence on the part of the would-be hunter. He points out to him the necessity of observing the local habits of his game—for the habits of all wild creatures differ in a very marked degree in different portions of the country. For instance, the hunter who assumes that because deer seek the uplands at a certain season in Maine they will follow the same rule in Northern New York or Pennsylvania, will find himself very much mistaken. The still-hunter’s cardinal virtue, Mr. Van Dyke says, is patience, and no one who has tried it, whether successfully or unsuccessfully, will venture to contradict him. The inexperienced amateur is recommended to this book if he aspires to that combination of patience and philosophy which makes up a genuine “Leather Stocking.” The work treats in a plain, comprehensible way nearly every set of conditions likely to surround the hunter. It devotes several chapters to the use of the rifle in hunting, as distinguished from target-shooting, and to general advice in regard to outfit and equipment. Altogether it must take rank as one of the best books of the kind that has as yet been published in this country. Moreover it does not infringe on the ground heretofore covered. Indeed it frequently refers to such writers as Judge Catton and Frank Forrester as authorities on details not included in the design of the present work.

(1) THE STUDENT’S HANDY SHAKESPEARE. Revised Edition. With full Notes, Original and Selected, Introductions and Life. By Rev. Henry N. Hudson. Large type, in 12 vols., 24mo, flexible covers, Russia in case, \$25.00; American Russia, \$17.50. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

(1) “THE STILL-HUNTER.” By Theodore S. Van Dyke. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York. 12mo, pp. 300, \$2.00.



PECULIAR titles are in order, and one announced in a London journal is not only peculiar but suggestive, being "The Childishness and Brutality of the Time."

THE entire American edition of "Mr. Isaacs" has been exhausted; the Macmillans are hastening to print another, and Mr. Crawford, the author, is the hero of the hour in Boston.

THE apostle of the sunflower has reached England in an exceedingly limp and disheveled condition, with an even more morose opinion of the Atlantic than on his first crossing of its disappointing waters, and announces that he shall be excessively severe in his book on America.

"THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE" is another addition to the long list of journals each devoted to a specialty, and all well printed and readable. It is devoted, in this case, to the popular system of G. A. Gaskell, which, if one accept the ground that every man must write alike, leaves nothing to be desired in the speed, accuracy and real elegance of the hand attained.

"THE WHEELMAN," published in Boston, is fast taking place as not only an authority in all bicycling and tricycling matters, but in literary ways as well, its quality improving with every number. What may be called middle-class literature, represented by many magazines and journals devoted to special topics, is often of surprising literary merit, even in execution, and evidencing a growing critical power and appreciation in readers that is one of the reassuring signs of the times.

"THE MODERN HAGAR: A DRAMA," begins in the middle, a previous knowledge of "Baby Rue" being necessary to any understanding of it; and, though presented in two volumes, gives no sign of ending, a sequel being indicated as a necessity. It is a story with a Southern background, of the days before the war, as well as during and after that period. It is in many points a striking novel, but the machinery is very cumbersome and very obtrusive, the author making the story a vehicle for an extraordinary jumble of opinions on all sorts of matters, from free trade to divorce. One volume would have given much more enjoyment to readers, and the author has real power enough to do far better work. (The Kaaterskill series, 16mo, pp. 369, 402; \$2.00; G. W. Harlan, New York).

To those who recall Palgrave's delightful volume, "A Journey to Central Arabia," comparisons will be inevitable in taking up Mr. William Perry Fogg's "The Land of 'The Arabian Nights.' Being Travels through Egypt, Arabia and Persia to Bagdad." Mr. Fogg has little of the descriptive power or grace of style which characterized Palgrave's work, but the book has its own charm in a certain straightforwardness and simplicity. It is the record of a dangerous journey, made thus far by but one other American, and was published in England in 1875, meeting there a very cordial reception. The first American edition has been revised and enlarged, and with its many illustrations is one of the best reference books for the countries described. (12mo, pp. 350, \$2; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

THOUGH physiognomy has, in great degree, taken the place of phrenology, the principles underlying both are much the same, and those who smile at the latter may

well reflect on what share it has had in bringing about more rational methods of judgment. Mr. Nelson Sizer, who ranks now among the fathers in this science, has written a very amusing and suggestive account of his life-work under the title of "Forty Years in Phrenology; embracing Recollections of History, Anecdote and Experience." The book is a chatty and agreeable record, with no pretensions to style or literary grace, but very readable notwithstanding. It is practically a history of phrenology in this country, and there are countless hints which readers will find of real value and benefit. (Illustrated, 12mo, pp. 413, \$1.50; Fowler & Wells, New York).

A RECENT English periodical devotes some space to a consideration of the question, "Is Merriment Declining?" and decides that while the capacity for uproarious mirth has died out the sense of humor has intensified, and that thus we enjoy more than our forefathers. But, as a whole, Americans still "take their pleasure sadly," though one man at least among us has devoted himself to educating our limited capacity for entertaining or being entertained. Mr. George B. Bartlett's reputation is quite unique, but has a much more solid basis than the casual reader may fancy, for while his purpose is to amuse, there is a good literary quality in all the little plays and adaptations he has given, and character even in his stage directions. A little book recently issued by Harper & Brothers, "New Games for Parlor and Lawn," is a charming collection, old favorites appearing among the new candidates for favor, while many of the plays hold suggestions from which the ingenious reader can evolve new combinations. (16mo, pp. 227, \$1.00).

ESTES & LAURIAT have just published "The Young Moose-Hunters," by C. A. Stephens, author of "Camp-Out Stories," etc., which is the most fascinating of all books of adventure lately given to the public, and one of the most wholesome. Four energetic and ambitious boys band together in order to make a trip to the rough region in the vicinity of Lake Umbagog, in Maine. They take possession of an old logging-camp, from which they are driven by desperate "Cannucks," but which they boldly and bravely regain; and here they hunt, fish, trap and gather spruce-gum until their return to civilization, seven weeks later. There is a flavor of the woods about their story, a familiarity with its scenery and its wild inhabitants, a good, honest ring of real life, and a true picture of the difficulties and dangers attending the trip, such as make it a story of deepest interest. In truth, boys must look out, or those of larger growth will take it out of their hands. (8vo, pp. 288, \$1.75).

BISHOP WILBERFORCE's reminiscences are stirring up as much feeling as Carlyle's, and Mrs. Oliphant declares that they are often inaccurate, especially where her "Life of Irving" and Mrs. Carlyle's views of it are concerned. Mrs. Carlyle is quoted by the bishop as pronouncing Mrs. Oliphant to be both "narrow and jealous, and greatly the cause of submitting him (Irving) to his foes." Mrs. Oliphant declares that she does not believe that Mrs. Carlyle ever said anything of the kind. "The Carlyles," she adds "are at present, I think most unjustly, the sport of every scribbler, and any kind of mud will stick that is thrown at their desecrated house. But I, for one, believe in what I know of my honored friends, rather than in what an analyzing biographer may deduce, or an irresponsible diarist jot down through the fumes of careless talk. My conception of Irving's character was drawn in some respects from the inspiration of Mrs. Carlyle herself, so much so as to offend and annoy friends on the other side; and I kept back the letters she wrote to me on the publication of the book from the number of her letters which I sent to Mr. Froude, on account of the too exuberant praise and report of her husband's approbation which was conveyed in it. The cynical reader will say, perhaps, that this is no reason why Bishop Wilberforce's report should

not be true. I utterly decline, however, to receive it, were it vouched for by a dozen Wilberforces." The promised volume of Mrs. Carlyle's letters is to be brought out shortly by Mr. Froude's publishers here and in England.

If horrors are the legitimate province of art, and the passion and anguish of human souls the only side worth minute chronicling, then "Quintus Claudius" fills the rôle as few books have done, and as, it is to be hoped, few books will do. Ernst Eckstein, the German author, from whom the excellent translation has been made by Clara Bell, has devoted himself to Latin archæology with the same intensity that Ebers has bestowed upon the Egyptian, and the result is, so far as the customs and thought of the time are concerned, wonderfully vivid and natural. The period chosen is that of the horrible emperor Domitian, and involves a persecution of the Christians, in which horror after horror follows, till one actually hears the grinding of martyrs' bones under the jaws of the wild beasts in the amphitheatre. The characters are very real, and no one who reads will fail to gain a new sense of what Roman history really holds; but though the ending is peaceful it is a glowing sunset over a battle-ground, where the wounded still writhe and moan. The edition is carefully edited, with innumerable explanatory foot-notes, and the volumes are well made up. (2 vols., 18mo, pp. 313-303, \$2.00; William S. Gottsberger, New York).

THE author of "Hector," Miss Flora L. Shaw, needs no introduction to American readers, and her latest story, "Phyllis Brown," just issued by Roberts Bros., has much of the charm of that early work. Phyllis is a girl of fourteen, loyal, sincere and proud, with a nature of intense devotion to both ideas and people nearest her. A young Polish cousin, as unworldly, romantic and adventurous as herself, but lacking the clear truthfulness and transparency of her nature, is the contrasting element, and the two go through many adventures, some a trifle too melodramatic, but none impossible. The father is the owner of great powder-mills, and there is much fine description touching their organization, as well as a flavor of the best English country life. The workmen's socialistic tendencies, the life of the neighboring poor and various social questions are all handled, a strong conservative feeling guiding the writer, but never making her lose sympathy with suffering. "Grip," the Socialist; the struggles of his forlorn little daughter to be "respectable;" the outlaw's attempt to blow up the mills; the flood, and his experience in the "trap," with the search of Phyllis and Lal for him, and their escape at last through the underground passage, are powerfully told—almost too powerfully for the nerves of sensitive children. But the tone is so pure and high, the style so attractive, and the whole story so unusual, that it must rank with the best work that has ever been done for children, while of equal interest to their elders. (16mo, pp. 385, \$1.00).

DODD, MEAD & Co., of New York, are publishing a series of histories of the minor wars of the United States, and to it Rossiter Johnson has contributed a valuable and entertaining volume on the French war. He opens with a preliminary account of the first attempts at colonization, and gives a picturesque account of how Italian and Spanish, French and English made long voyages over the seas and planted their flags all up and down the long coast, laying claims only to be disputed or forsaken. The French, however, went farther, and sought to make a harvest for the kingdom of Heaven as well as for their own monarch. The English were content to employ the Indian, and the Spaniard to rob and massacre him; but the Frenchmen meant to convert him. They followed their explorations with a mission, and where the flag went the priest pursued. Sometimes the Huguenot disputed the Jesuit, and the two quarreled over the soul of the convert; but the Frenchman, whether Romanist or Protestant,

knew how to conciliate, and the savage was generally their friend if not their convert. It is a little curious that the English have kept their political hold on this continent by conquering their hereditary enemy, and that a people of French origin, speaking their native language and adhering to native customs, should form the nucleus of the most contented of the English dependencies, while their own settlements so soon rebelled and have so steadily resented all English interference or influence. There is a great deal of romance as well as philosophy in these early histories, and Mr. Johnson has told his story in a picturesque as well as careful manner. The history runs from the earliest discoveries to the surrender of Canada to the British. (pp. 374, \$1.50).

IN John Geddie's "Russian Empire" (T. Nelson & Sons, New York,) there occur the following suggestive passages: "The chief of all the European streams is almost the only one that does not mingle its waters with those of the other rivers of the earth, in the great circumfluent ocean, pouring them instead into a salt lake of Inner Asia. The Russian people also—the most powerful, in numbers, at least, of the European nations—had their faces long turned in the same direction as the current of the Volga, and dwelt, first by reason of an evil destiny, and afterward from prejudice and ignorance, a race apart from others. . . . Peter the Great seized the lagging Russian nation fiercely and roughly by the throat and dragged it from its moping seclusion in the Volga forests into the full light of modern civilization. Keeping a visé-like hold upon it, he entered upon one of the most stupendous 'matches against time' ever witnessed in the history of the world, spurning it forward with savage blows and kicks, until he had worn out in the struggle his own herculean strength, but had launched his country on the track of progress on which the nations of the West had already embarked. . . . It is clear that this great country has reached a crisis in its fate. The three chief powers to be reckoned with, it would seem, are a corrupt military bureaucracy, that has almost said its last word—that is clearly moving toward bankruptcy and ruin; a people still almost dumb and blind, and only half-conscious that they have rights and grievances; and a party of wild political dreamers, strong as yet only by reason of desperation, that seek, as the sole panacea for the ills of society, the total destruction of order and law. What will be the issue for Russia it is impossible almost to guess; before it, as a French writer has said, there rises 'an immense note of interrogation.'"

NEW BOOKS.

ICE CREAM AND CAKES. A New Collection of Standard Fresh and Original Receipts for Household and Commercial Use. By an American. 12mo, pp. 384, \$1.50.

ENERGY. Efficient and Final Cause. By James McCosh, D. D. Philosophic Series, No. II. Paper, pp. 55, 50 cents. Charles Scribner's Sons.

SOCRATES. A Translation of the Apology, Crito, and Parts of the Phædo of Plato. Paper, pp. 159, 50 cents. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY IN 1864. By George E. Pond. Campaigns of the Civil War, XI. 16mo, pp. 287, \$1.00. Charles Scribner's Sons.

LYRICAL AND DRAMATIC POEMS. Selected from the Works of Robert Browning. Edited by Edward T. Mason. 16mo, cloth, gilt, pp. 275, \$2.00. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

THE USE OF THE VOICE IN READING AND SPEAKING. A Manual for Clergymen and Candidates for Holy Orders. By the Rev. Francis T. Russell, M. A. 12mo, pp. 348, \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.

HOMESUN STORIES. By Ascott R. Hope. With illustrations. 16mo, pp. 346, \$1.00. D. Appleton & Co.

MRS. LORIMER. A Sketch in Black and White. By Lucas Malet. 16mo, pp. 342, \$1.00. D. Appleton & Co.

THE JEWS OF BARNOW. Stories by Karl Emil Franzos. Translated from the German by M. W. McDowell. 16mo, pp. 334, \$1.25. D. Appleton & Co.



A DISTINGUISHED English naturalist, spending the winter in Southern France, gives the following illustration of what is called "natural mimicry:" "I was much interested one day last week in observing a large insect of the order *Lepidoptera* come from above the olive trees overhead with the wild, dashing flight of the larger moths. Attracted apparently by the sheltered and sunny recess in which I was sitting, and by the scarlet geraniums and bignonias which were in full flower in it, the moth darted downwards, and, after a little hovering, settled suddenly on the bare ground underneath a geranium plant. I then saw that it was a very handsome species, with an elaborate pattern of light and dark chocolate-browns. But the margins of the wings, which were deeply waved or dentated, had a lustrous yellow color, like a brilliant gleam of light. In this position the moth was a conspicuous object. After resting for a few seconds, apparently enjoying the sun, it seemed to notice some movement which gave it alarm. It then turned slightly round, gave a violent jerk to its wings, and instantly became invisible. If it had subsided into a hole in the ground, it could not have more completely disappeared. As, however, my eyes were fixed upon the spot, I soon came to observe that all the interstices among the little clods around it were full of withered and crumpled leaves of a deep, blackish brown. I then further noticed that the spot where the moth had sat was apparently occupied by one of these, and it flashed upon me in a moment that I had before me one of the great wonders and one of the great mysteries of nature. There are some forms of mimicry which are wholly independent of the animals themselves. They are made of the color and of the shape which are like those of the surrounding objects of their habitat. They have nothing to do except to sit still, or perhaps to crouch. But there are some other forms of mimicry in which the completeness of the deception depends on some co-operation of the animal's own will. This was one of these. The splendid margins of the fore wings, with the peculiar shape and their shining color, had to be concealed; and so, by an effort which evidently required the exertion of special muscles, these margins were folded down, covered up, and hidden out of sight. The remainder of the wings were so crumpled up that they imitated exactly the dried and withered leaves around. Knowing the implicit confidence in the effectiveness of this kind of concealment, which is instinctive in all creatures furnished with the necessary apparatus, I proceeded to try and test this very curious psychological accompaniment of the physical machinery. I advanced in the full sunlight close up to the moth—so close that I could see the prominent "beaded eyes" with the watchful look, and the roughened outlines of the thorax, which served to complete the illusion. So perfect was the deception that I really could not feel confident that the black spot I was examining was what I believed it to be. Only one little circumstance reassured me. There was some hole or interstice in the outer covering, through which one spot of the inner brilliant margin could be seen shining like a star. Certain now of the identity of the moth, I advanced still nearer, and finally I found that it was not till the point of a stick was used to move and shake the earth on which it lay that the creature could believe that

it was in danger. Then, in an instant, the crumpled leaf became a living moth, with powers of flight which defied capture.

FUNGUS not only attack living and decaying vegetable matter, but also living animals, and especially insects. In New Zealand the caterpillar of the moth buries itself in the ground to undergo its metamorphosis, where it is attacked by a fungus, which rises in the form of a simple spike about six inches in height, from the head of the caterpillar, the body of which becomes a dry mummy; a second species is found in Tasmania, but it differs from the preceding in being branched; and a third species is found growing on caterpillars in a similar manner in China, and is held in high estimation as a medicine, said to possess the properties of ginseng. Another species has lately been discovered in Ceylon growing on a white grub; it rises two to three inches above the ground; its upper part, which contains the spore-cases, is thickened and of a red color. It is said to be a new species of the genus *Torrubia*. In the West Indies wasps are affected with a species of *sphaeria*, which grows on the head like two horns: the spores impregnate them when alive, and the fungus grows to a considerable size before the wasp dies. It is generally understood that fungi do not grow in water, but it is, nevertheless, now considered that the flocky matter that grows on and destroys gold-fish and salmon is a fungus. Within the last twenty years great loss has been sustained by the silk cultivators of Europe, consequent on the silkworm being attacked by a microscopic mould fungus, allied to the salmon fungus. The thready mycelium covers and perforates the body of the caterpillar, which becomes mummified. This disease has become endemic to the silk-producing countries of Europe, which has rendered it necessary to procure fresh eggs annually from Japan and other countries not yet affected by the disease. In the autumn the common house-fly may be seen dead and adhering to the window-pane, the glass surrounding the body being dim; on examining the fly with a lens it will be found to be involved with white flocky matter, the mycelium of a mould fungus, the germ spores of which had been taken up by the fly in some kind of food. It is said that a blue-bottle fly might carry about "sufficient fever spores to infect a parish."

SOME interesting effects of lightning have been observed by M. Alluard at the summit of the Puy de Dôme, where on a circular tower is an iron mast about twenty feet high, supporting an anemometer of the Robinson type, with four copper cups. There is also a ladder and stand (both made largely of iron) to allow of access to the anemometer for cleaning. Two metallic cables connect the system with copper plates in the ground. Under these conditions St. Elmo's fire often appears at the salient points of the mast, stand, etc., and a slight hissing is sometimes heard. All the cups of the anemometer show numerous signs of fusion by lightning, and only in their upper half. Their connecting iron circle has also been fused in some places. Wherever such fusion has occurred the metal has been raised like a small volcanic cone in the centre of a crater. Some exterior attractive force seems to have raised the melted surface.

THERE is said to be a remarkable hill of moving sand in Churchill County, Nevada, some sixty miles from Land Springs Station. The dune is about four miles long, a mile wide, and from one hundred to four hundred feet high. The sand is so fine that if an ordinary barley-sack be filled and placed in a moving wagon, the jolting of the vehicle will empty the sack, and yet the sand has no form of dust in it, and is as clean as any sea-beach sand. The mountain is so solid as to give out a musical sound when trodden upon, and oftentimes a bird lighting upon it, or a large

lizard running across the bottom, will start a large quantity of the sand to sliding, which makes a noise resembling the vibration of telegraph wires with a hard wind blowing, but so much louder that it is often heard at a distance of six or seven miles, and it is deafening to a person standing near the sliding sand. A peculiar feature of the dune is that it is not stationary, but rolls slowly eastward, the wind gathering it up on the west end and carrying it along the ridge until it is again deposited at the eastern end. Mr. Monroe, a well-known surveyor, having heard of the rambling habits of this mammoth sand-heap, quite a number of years ago, took a careful bearing of it while surveying government lands in that vicinity. Several years later he visited the place, and found that the dune had traveled something over a mile.

SCIENCE still meets with many difficulties in its progress into China, and the electric light is the latest improvement which has excited the suspicion and dislike of the Mandarins. The foreign settlement at Shanghai has for some time been lighted on the Brush system, apparently to the comfort and delight of the denizens of the "model settlement," as the foreign portion of the city is generally called. The promoters appear, however, to have reckoned without the Chinese officials. They probably thought that where gas was permitted there could be no objection to electricity. The Chinese governor of the district appears to be of a different opinion. He has addressed a letter to the senior foreign consul requesting the removal of all the electric lamps. He has read, he says, in translations from European papers, that terrible accidents have arisen from electricity, and flatly refuses to permit the residents of Shanghai to be exposed to such dreadful risks. Hundreds of thousands of houses might be destroyed, millions of lives might be lost; even the walls of the city might be blown down if anything went wrong with the machines. He has strictly forbidden his own countrymen to use it, and has peremptorily ordered those who have already adopted it to discontinue it forthwith.

REPORTS come from Mexico of the discovery, near La Paz, of the largest pearl the world has ever seen. It is of light color and oval form, one inch in length and three-quarters of an inch in its shortest diameter, and of surpassing lustre. No doubt the oyster was glad to be put out of its misery, for its tenant was too large to be accommodated and too strong to be dispossessed. For a long time the poor bivalve had been unable to close its habitation. The owner of the pearl estimates its value at \$50,000.

S. A. LATTIMORE.

REFERENCE CALENDAR.

[THIS COLUMN IS INTENDED AS A RECORD FOR REFERENCE, NOT AS A SUMMARY OF CURRENT NEWS.]

January 24.—John R. McPherson was elected United States Senator from New Jersey, and Pfeston B. Plumb from Kansas.—S. S. Greene, LL. D., Professor of Mathematics in Brown University, died, aged seventy-two years.—The Rev. Samuel E. Smith, Rector of the Episcopal Church of the Holy Innocents at Albany, N. Y., died.—James Patrick, the oldest journalist in Ohio, died, aged ninety-one years.—A large tract of land in the outskirts of Wilkesbarre, Pa., sank one or two feet in consequence of subterranean fires in old coal-mining galleries. . . Jan. 25.—The Rev. Dr. John W. Claxton, of the Episcopal Church, died in Lancaster, Pa.—The Princess Louise sailed from Charleston, S. C., for Bermuda, in H. M. S. Dido. . . Jan. 26.—The Marquis of Lorne, Gov.-General of Canada, arrived in Washington and exchanged visits of ceremony with the President.—The Milwaukee (Wis.) College for young ladies was burned; loss, \$50,000. . . Jan. 27.—Colonel O. H. Irish, Chief of the Government Bureau of Engraving and Printing, died in Washington, aged fifty-three years.—A fire in Winooski, Vt., caused by the explosion of an oil car, occasioned

a loss of \$200,000. . . Jan. 29.—The United States Supreme Court decided that the Alabama law prohibiting "Miscegenation" is constitutional, as it makes no discrimination in regard to color.—The legislature of Colorado elected Thomas M. Bowen to be United States Senator for the long term, and H. A. W. Tabor for the short term.—In the United States Senate, Roger S. Greene was confirmed as Chief Justice for Washington Territory, George D. Perkins to be Marshal for Northern Iowa, F. N. Dow to be Collector of Customs at Portland, Maine, and Captain James E. Jouett, U. S. N., to be Commodore. . . Jan. 31.—Cetewayo resumed the crown of Zululand.—The State Treasurer of Alabama left Montgomery, and a deficit of over \$200,000 has been discovered in his accounts.

THE DRAMA.

THE incandescent electric light will be used for the interior illumination of the now completed Cosmopolitan Theatre in New York. This is the first theatre in New York to adopt this system of lighting, and the second in this country—the Bijou, in Boston, being the first.

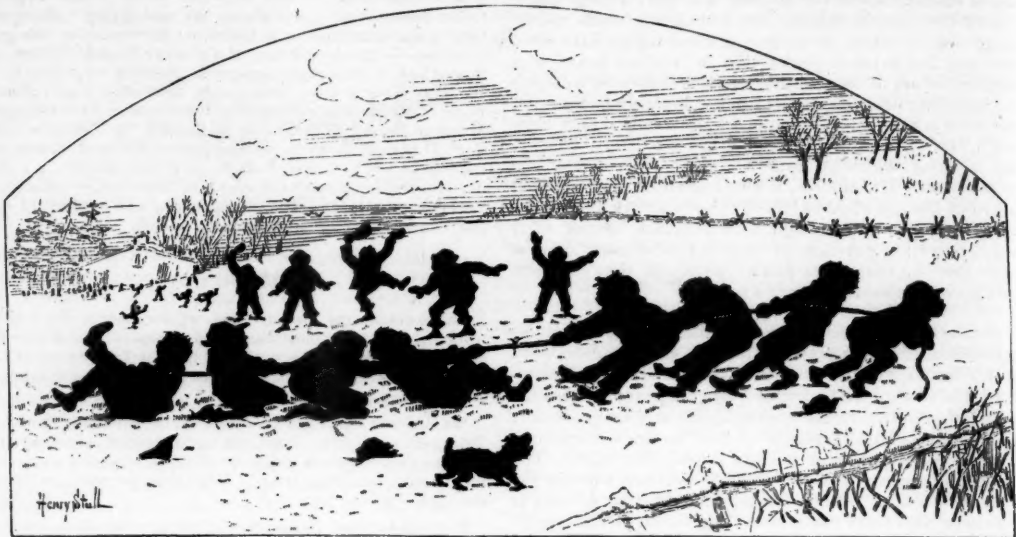
MR. LESTER WALLACK's old theatre, on Broadway, corner of Thirteenth street, New York, not having proved successful in its German rôle, has come under Mr. Wallack's control again. It is to be called the Manhattan. Attractions not suited to the up-town house will be presented.

THE Bijou Opera House, New York, is to be under the control, next season, of a well-known manager of Cincinnati, Mr. R. E. J. Miles. Extensive alterations are to be made, and the lighter character of entertainments will be presented. The present incumbent, Mr. McCaull, is to be manager of the New York Casino, and the traveling companies connected therewith.

It is stated that Mr. Henry E. Abbey began his managerial career by "managing" a tight-rope walker at country fairs, and collecting donations during the performance in a cigar box, dividing the proceeds equally with the performer. (In the theatrical vernacular, paying his attraction fifty per cent of the gross receipts.) The distance is indeed great between the mountebank's assistant and the director of a tour, say like Mme. Bernhardt's, and the responsibility, at the same time, of several additional important ventures.

SIGNOR SALVINI's son, Alexander, who has been playing "Romeo" with Miss Mather this season, was intended by his father for a mercantile life, but before entering the business house of a friend of his father's in Baltimore, was invited by Mr. A. M. Palmer to play a small part at the Union Square Theatre, New York. He accepted, acquitted himself satisfactorily, and determined to adopt the stage as a profession. He has thus far been quite successful. The Signor lately made a special trip from Baltimore, where he was fulfilling an engagement, to Philadelphia, to witness his son's performance of "Romeo," and was so pleased with the promise of future excellence that he determined to subject him to a course of study under his personal supervision during the coming summer.

THE first performance of "The Silver King" in this country, at Wallack's Theatre, was very successful, and the play is probably destined for a long run. It is a melodrama, but differs from the "World" and "Romany Rye" by its pronounced literary and dramatic strength. The theme is psychologic and full of interest, being that of a man who, in an intoxicated condition, receives great provocation from an enemy, and determines to be revenged by killing him. He goes to the enemy's house; is chloroformed there by burglars as he enters. The owner returns and is shot dead by the cracksmen with the pistol of the drugged man, who, when he recovers, believes that he has really committed the murder. Filled with remorse, he flies and is pursued by the police. The train bearing him away is wrecked, and he is believed to be killed. He escapes, however, to America and becomes rich, and is known as "The Silver King." After many years he returns, to find his wife and child in poverty, but he cannot disclose his identity, fearing detection. By an ingenious device he learns of his innocence, and everybody but the villains are made happy. Mr. Osmond Tearle played the hero with great ability, and scored a great hit, as did Miss Coghlan also, who played the wife. Some magnificent scenery was shown, and, all in all, the play was eminently a "go."



A "TUG OF WAR" IN THE SNOW.

Enigma.

"BEAUTIFUL one ! fain would I sing to thee,
While sinks the moon beyond the western sea.
"I will not ask reply in flowing rhyme,
Nor specify restrictions as to time.
"What tho' responsive tone greet not the ear,
I am content with but thy presence here.
"Tho' oft thou seemest all the world to me,
I can but know my love is naught to thee.
"Yet could I bear to part from thee, my own,
And wander thro' a world like this alone?
"Light for my darkness only thou canst give,
And bring to me the joy for which I live.
"In heaven itself I seem almost to be
Thro' the sweet hours I spend alone with thee;
"And yet, for all that thou hast been to me,
Thou canst not walk, nor talk, breathe, hear or see;
"Nor ever know the wonders thou hast done,
O mute, unconscious, soul-inspiring one !"

While others thro' the mystery grope,
And fail to catch the drift,
"Th' astronomer to his telescope,"
Replies Professor Swift.

S. WHITE PAINE.

Camomile Tea.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a cot by the Irish Sea,
A decoction I knew of which you may know
By the name of Camomile Tea;
A stuff which was brewed with no other end
Than to plague and be drunk by me.

I was a child, a mere bit of a child,
When I lived in that cot by the sea;
But I hated with hate which was more than hate
That horrible Camomile Tea;
A hate that was visible, I have no doubt,
To the eyes of my Aunt MAGEE.

And this is the reason, I happen to know,
Why she always was down on me,
Whenever I had the least malady, filling
A tumbler with Camomile Tea,
And drenching me three times a day with the same—
The horriblest bore that could be—
And shutting me up in my bed-room for hours,
With a tract and more Camomile Tea.

The slaveys, not half so weary at work,
Went whispering, pitying me;
And what was the reason, I'm blowed if I know,
Why they left me with Aunt MAGEE,
A wretched young shaver, by day and by night,
Swilling and swilling her Camomile Tea.

But my hate it was stronger by far than the hate
Of a Templar for neat *eau-de-vie*,
Of a Jew for a piggy-wig-gee;
And neither my Aunt, who strove early and late,
Nor her myrmidon old Doctor B.,
Was ever so clever as me to inspire
With a liking for Camomile Tea.

Even now, strange as it seems, I have hideous dreams
Of that horrible Camomile Tea;
Of its taste when I think I still shudder and shrink
At that nauseous Camomile Tea;
And I muse in amazement at that old woman's craze,
On the loathing, the loathing I felt in those days,
When I lived in that cot by the sea,
In that cot with my Aunt MAGEE.

—Punch.

At Thirty-five.

THEY tell me, sweetheart, my life work's half done !
Ah, no ! that is not so;
My life began when I thy fond heart won,
Only ten years ago !

They tell me, sweetheart, I am growing old !
Ah, no ! that cannot be;
Though hair turn gray, the heart can ne'er grow cold
Companioning with thee !

L. T. S.